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The Circle of a Century

By MRS. BURTON HARRISON

In New York of To-Day

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CHAPTER I

REX ADAMSON sat after dinner with his father on the first evening of his return from a voyage around the world.

It had been bitter weather on the North Atlantic—a succession of storms strewing the home coast with wrecks, and sending more than one big steamship adrift at the mercy of the waters, to be heard from days afterward, or never.

Rex had enjoyed the distinction of steaming up New York Bay in a huge ocean liner completely sheathed in ice, her decks and rigging looking as if hewn from Pentelic marble, rosy with morning sun—a sight of a lifetime for the eyes waiting her on shore to greet her arrival.

His father had been among those who had more or less reason to welcome home passengers thus delivered from the perils of the deep. Rex had never before seen in the paternal countenance, as viewed from the deck while the ship was pulling in beside her pier, the look of yearning of a parent for his beloved offspring.

It made Rex feel rather uncomfortable and shy. He could hardly believe that the usually shrewd and unemotional face of Job Adamson, the famous financier, was drawn into lines resembling that of an old woman about to cry. But the shabby old Derby hat tilted backward, the rusty overcoat and hands covered with woolen mittens—garments that among New Yorkers of the business world had long carried a sense of power that was fairly reverenced—left no doubt of Job's identity.

"The old boy is cut up since my poor mother's death," thought the son, ashamed to consider the phenomenon with a feeling so impersonal. "How strange, when they were always sparring over her ambitious schemes for me! The question is: Am I glad she carried her point, and gave me every advantage of foreign training and wide acquaintance? Hum! Can't answer yet, till I've been shaken into place a bit. Jove! I'd forgotten what a queer outfit the pater wears. And he looks shriveled, somehow. Who'd believe they'd kowtow to me on account of his name, in all sorts of odd corners of the globe?

"He's not written me a line in six months—only cabled to acknowledge my letters. Well, if he does care, there'll be one more to welcome me than I expected on Columbia's shores, since Jack's out West. Bru-r-r! Cold as Greenland, and looks like it, too. What a snowfall they've had! No wonder all those people huddled down there seem frozen up and lifeless."

"Bessie, you are impossible," said the wan mother

When Rex walked down the gang-plank, for the first time in his recollection his father smiled as he shook his hand.

"I'm glad you're all right," said the elder briefly. "There was a meeting of the directors of Y. & Z. Company this morning, but I excused myself and left them to come down to meet you. You'll get up to the house alone, I suppose, unless you want to stop at your club for luncheon? I'll join you at dinner time. Bad trip, wasn't it?"

"The toughest I ever made. The waves regular corkers, sixty feet high, I'd say, and she cutting right through the crest of 'em. For three days the water poured over the decks like a mill-race. But she behaved like a duck, bless her; and here we are. Very good of you, sir, to take the trouble to meet me. As soon as I can get my luggage out of the maw of your customs officials I'll be off to see your new palace. It'll be like a fairy-tale, I'm sure; the way Americans always do things."

"'Your' customs—why didn't you say 'you Americans,' Rex?" asked the older man peevishly.

"Never mind, father, I'll get straight in a day or two," said Rex good humoredly. He recognized a reproof dating from his first return from an English university, where his mother had insisted upon his going.

As he drove in a cab uptown through blizzard-smitten streets, between banks of high-piled snow and house fronts fringed with icicles, Rex whistled in astonishment at the desolate appearance of the city of his nativity. He felt as forlorn as Macaulay's New Zealander on the ruins of London Bridge. But in Fifth Avenue there was a semblance of returning life, and his spirits began to rise.

Eastward of Central Park the cab came to a final halt in its toilsome progress before the portal of one of the lordliest of the many palaces in that locality—a dwelling from which upholsterers with their step-ladders and hammers, and delayed decorators, had not yet fled.

"By Jove!" thought the young man, as he followed the new butler and footman inside the spacious, mellow-tinted hall. "The thing's actually well done."

He had found reason to repeat this eulogy more than once, before the servants, withdrawing after dinner, left the two men to themselves. The slaves of the lamp that in former days were so difficult to secure in New York, no matter what the money paid, had come at the call of an expert

housekeeper and butler, both of English origin, to supply his every want. Remembering the old house farther down the avenue, wherein his mother had fussed over incapable domestics during all his visits home, Rex could hardly refrain from expressing his glad astonishment at this reform. But he thought it better to take this whole business of translation into new splendor as a matter of course, until his father should choose to invite his comments.

The great room, with its girdle of electricity above the pictures, was now left in shadow save for a few side-lights and the gleam of candles on the round table that stood like an island of snow in a sea of Turkey rugs, aided by the flicker from logs burning in a deep hearth underneath a fine old carved mantelpiece, carried off bodily from an impoverished schloss in Germany.

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All over the place Rex had been running upon spoils of the Old World assembled with marvelous cleverness to deck this mansion of an American who didn't know a Gobelin tapestry from a landscape rug woven in Connecticut. Pictures, books, carvings, armor, lacquers, bronzes, floor-coverings, walls and furniture were eminently well chosen and well brought together. Only the drawing-rooms, boudoir and an upstairs sitting-room were left partly in the rough, with the doors closed on them, which Rex had noted with a shrug and smile.

"I'm glad you like the house," said his father, under the exhilaration of three glasses of iced water drank during dinner and a cup of black coffee afterward; "I had the best man there is, and told him to go ahead and do it as if he meant to move in here himself. I guess that put him on his mettle. I had nothing to do but sign the checks, luckily. This last has been 'bout as busy a year as I remember."

"There must have been a good lot of your autographs sent out," said Rex indifferently.

"Well, I guess the year's work has paid for it," answered his father, the muscles around his mouth relaxing faintly. "I promised her I'd do the thing in style, and it seems I have."

"You have, certainly, and I congratulate you. Poor mother! I wish she could have lived to see it! She was a woman of such boundless energy, I can't think of her as forever still."

"She was a good wife to me, and a good mother to you, though there were some mistakes that never can be righted. If the others had lived, it wouldn't ha' mattered so much, but I've no stock in a name like Reginald. Lukes and Jobs and Johns and Samuels we've had a-plenty since the first of us settled in America; and I carried my point 'bout naming the four boys born before you. But Mis' Adamson—your mother, I should say—wa'n't lucky in raising any of her children past babyhood, till you came along. Then she wouldn't have any of the old names used over again for the child of our middle age. Said 'twould be tempting Providence, and I let her have her way. Reginald! I declare, I'm sometimes ashamed to write it in a check."

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Rex, accustomed to the old grievance, laughed aloud, a hearty, boyish laugh that did him good, and insensibly brightened his father's fretful face.

"So long as your feelings don't compel you to withhold that kind act altogether, I'll get along, father. And as to the name it's linked to, I sometimes think you'd be more forbearing with foreign countries if you could see what weight that carries everywhere, with people who read newspapers and can appreciate honorable success. True, it's nearly ruined me sometimes, by turning all the harpies on me, in good society and out of it. Do you know, sir, I can't get anybody to believe you've never crossed the sea?"

"America's good enough for me," replied Mr. Adamson, a smile visible only in a few additional wrinkles around his eyes. "I didn't care a continental 'bout a new house for myself. But 'twas *her* plan. She wanted I should build it against the time you got tired of roving and came home to settle down. She'd have come out in fine society, no doubt. Mis' Adamson—*your* mother, I should say—was a powerful ambitious woman, in some ways. I felt sort of driven to get it done before you got here. Perhaps I wa'n't always what she deserved to have me be."

"Your architect brought conscience to his work," said the young man, looking about him critically. "I might as well own up, I expected to have my teeth set on edge, remembering that other poor, dear, awful old shanty of ours."

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"'Twas a fine house in its day," answered Job. "She always said we'd educated you above our tastes, and she wanted we should try and catch up with you. This one is nice enough, I s'pose, but too darned big. I've given up trying to sleep in the room they fixed up for me and have got an iron bedstead in the dressing-room. The library's 'bout the best of the bunch, to my thinking. I sit there of a morning to read my newspaper before I go downtown—in that window where the sun comes in. Sometimes I doze in there of an evening, or play solitaire before I go to bed. Your mother and I used to play cribbage together of an evening."

"Poor old dad, this house is too big for you alone!" said the son with an impulse of sympathy. "Now I'm home for good, we must try to brighten it."

"It's to be yours when you marry, Rex; and then I'll get out and go back to the old one. They wanted me to let that, but I wouldn't. I've kept every stick of the furniture as it was, and left a man and his wife to care for it, just as if I were going to step in any day."

"It'll be a long time before you step out of here, old gentleman!" exclaimed Rex, who was not a lady's man, and had, as suggested, so far successfully eluded all efforts to constrain his freedom from mothers and daughters in two hemispheres, to say nothing of widows on shipboard and all manner of women to whom the name of Adamson and American millions were synonymous.

"Father, speaking of names, have you no record of your progenitors? Not that it makes the least difference to me to have anybody behind me except you and my splendid old grandsire, whose portrait I'm glad to see you have hung out yonder in the hall. His was an astonishing personality. Fellows whom I tell about him won't believe how he made his pile from sheer sagacity and mastery of men. He knew how to choose his tools better than any one I ever heard of. There must have been something in his veins that came down to him from earlier sources—some strong woman, probably; and I'd like to make her acquaintance, even now."

"It's little I know 'bout 'em," replied Job reflectively. "My father, as you know well, was too busy a man to talk much, and he put me to business just as soon as I was out of school. All he ever told me was his people had moved out of New York City down into Long Island when he was a kid, the last to survive out of their family of five sons. Queer there ain't ever been more'n one son to a generation of us that reached middle life. They were North of Ireland folks. I know that; and there's a family Bible that turned up when we were moving that's got all their names and dates. My father was Samuel, his father was Luke, and my name came from a great-grandfather named Job Watson.

"When I was a little shaver, I remember well father taking me down to spend Sundays with my grandmother on Long Island; but she died soon after, and that was the end of 'em. Her husband, Luke Adamson, was a master builder in New York when 'twas the seat of Government, and after; and he laid up a good sum of money for those days; but they lost one child after another, just like us, and moved to the country to try to save my father, so he always said. You hit the nail on the head, Rex, when you said there was a strong woman behind us. Take her all in all, I don't believe there was ever such another as my grandmother Adamson."

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"What was her Christian name?" asked Rex, wondering at his own late-found interest in these questions of genealogy.

"The name of the mother of all humanity—plain Eve—though she was anything but plain. As I remember the old lady, she'd been a widow for some years, but was dressed always in gray, with a kinder crimped white cap. Her face at seventy-odd was as near like an angel's as ever I expect to see one, and her hair high-colored reddish, her step as light and her back as straight as a girl's. My mother was jealous of her, I reckon, as there wa'n't much sociability between 'em. My mother was a clar-grit Yankee girl from Massachusetts; a fine woman, but shut up in herself. Father didn't get to see grandmother as often as he'd ha' liked. But she'd plenty to do, sick-nursing and missionarying her neighbors and entertaining the elders of her church. There was a room set aside for them, kept white as a lily, sir. I was always afraid to set foot across the sill. You won't laugh, Rex, if I tell you I bought back that little house last year, and am getting it repaired and fenced in, to keep in memory of her."

"I like my great-grandmother, Eve. Tell me some more of her," said the young man, surprised by the flush of interest in the speaker's parchment face.

"Father always said she'd taught him honesty and justice first, then to be brisk and act when the moment came. She'd more common sense than any woman he ever saw, he said, and an A-1 temper (which my mother hadn't), but was never over-gay. Sort of sad, and no end pious—and particular, you'd think. He'd never been let set foot in a theatre, and wouldn't touch a card. She's buried down yonder in the little graveyard at Chinquasset Cove, and last year I put a monument over her as high as my wife's—the best money could buy.

"You see, when a man comes to my time of life, and is living all alone, he begins to think of these kind of things, Rex. I never was much of a one for sentimental notions, but nowadays—sometimes—this last night or two especially, when the storm was raging and I was thinking about your ship——"

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He stopped, and took another sip of water from a carafe left at his hand. Rex did not say a word, greatly to Job's relief.

"I s'pose if those good folks could look in on us now they'd wonder," Mr. Adamson resumed. "They thought themselves mightily set up with a sitting-room and best bed-room over and above the wants of the family. Father said his mother kept her house like honeycomb; and I never walk along West Twenty-third Street and smell that lavender the peddlers sell on trays without thinking somehow of my grandma. There, now, boy, I've told you all I know. Some day we'll get out the family Bible and have a regular orgy of ancestors and dates. Say, Rex, d'ye know some of these Revolutionary Societies were after me the other day to become a member? Think they'd be satisfied with grandfather Luke and grandfather Job as my contributions? No, sir! I rather beg to be excused. No pretense about me. I'm satisfied to be Samuel L. Adamson's son and representative. The fortune my father left me I've doubled and trebled, but I've never put on frills."

"The 'L.' stood for Laurence, didn't it, in my grandfather's name? Now, why in the dickens didn't you dub me that instead of your hated Reginald? And, by the way, where did the Laurences come into our family annals?"

"It's a queer thing. I asked father the same question once, and he told me it was given him in recollection of one of his mother's 'earliest and dearest friends.' Those were her very words when he inquired of her, as boys will, where he got his middle name."

"That reminds me," exclaimed Rex, rebounding to the present, "that a man came over in the ship with me—a capital young fellow—named Laurence Hope. He's in Hartley, Lauder & Odenheimer's law firm, and they sent him across the ocean to question a fellow they wanted to get as a witness in the Spang will case, and had failed to find in this country. Hope spent only three days on the other side, found his man in a hunting-box at Melton Mowbray, got an interview with him, and returned. I asked him—once, when the steamer was standing alternately on her head and carrying it high in air in the midst of our worst gale, and we were all battened down below—what he thought of the Spang will case; and he told me to go to thunder. I don't know when I've met anybody I liked so much on short acquaintance as that lad. Who are they, do you know? I'm awfully behind on my New York."

"They've put a Social Register on the library table," answered his father dryly, "and I think it'll be better worth your while to study that, and leave the family Bible be. Seems to me I've heard of the Hopes somewhere, though."

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"It appears they live in an old-fashioned house in an old-fashioned quarter—some 'Place' or other, whose name escapes me. I should judge they are rather poorish, and I know there's a pretty sister, for he showed me her photograph one day on the Banks when it was blowing Holy Moses and we were trying to hang on by our eyelids in the smoke-room. And he knows Jack Warriner. Confound it, I wish old Jack were in town!"

At this moment the butler, returning on tiptoes with a confidential air, announced that Mr. John Warriner had called and wished to know whether Mr. Rex could see him now, or should he come back later.

"Come back later? Great snakes, tell him to come in here!" cried Rex delightedly. "Father, this is the best luck I've struck. No, don't run away, please, if you won't be bored with our talk—oh, I forgot, Jack's always been in your black books, hasn't he?"

"I've no use for him, sir, no use," answered the great man, putting his hands together behind him in a characteristic attitude and looking obstinate.

"You think he was my evil genius at Oxford, and all that? But there's no harm in Jack, I'll swear; and a more delightful fellow never drew breath. Since they've lost all their money, it's been hard for him to keep along, and he's had to try different trades. But you must remember my poor mother had a great fancy for his sister, and never failed to urge on me to try to win Miss Euphrosyne for a bride."

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"Mis' Adamson—your mother, I mean—had some notions I never understood," said that lady's relict. "One of 'em was wanting to hitch our wagon on to some one of 'old Colonial stock.' Who cares for Colonial stock, anyhow?"

"So long as he holds your number of shares in Standard Oil," replied Rex, laughing, "I suppose, nobody. But do stop and shake hands with Jack, sir; and I'll take him off to my own den upstairs. Capital quarters, those you've got for me. And I say, father, wouldn't it be as well not to forget to inquire for Miss Euphrosyne? Hope tells me she's studying to be a trained nurse. You know my mother was really fond of her."

But Job, after the unwonted expansion of his retrospective mood, had now relapsed into his gray, shy, customary self, and was gliding out by another door as the butler ushered in the object of his dislike.

To a casual observer, young Warriner was certainly a pleasing semblance of a man. Women admired his tall, erect figure, straight features, the bloom of a girl upon his olive cheeks, and what they called his "look of race." Men satirized Jack's female devotees, but were as closely drawn to him by a certain manly quality in his make-up. He was an athlete of renown, a good sailor, horseman, golfer, dancer, and everything requiring active skill and daring.

Every now and then, in his checkered career, Jack would go under and disappear from the sight of his friends. It was understood that the demon of drink had him in his clutches, and then the world's trumpet cried him outside the pale. But again, unexpectedly, he would turn up, handsome, debonair, with clear eyes and rosy cheeks, and people asked each other how could such things as they had heard be true; and Jack would step into his old place with a beaming smile, and all would be forgiven—till next time.

Rex, who had met him first at Oxford, felt Jack's fascination keenly, and had surrendered without a protest. He had since befriended him in a thousand ways—had taken him off for cruises in Job Adamson's famous yacht, that otherwise would have remained out of commission; for shooting expeditions in the great West, crossing the continent in Job Adamson's special Directors' car—and would have invited him to be his guest in the recent circumference of the globe but for Job's positive refusal to give the scheme his sanction.

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The Warriners were old New Yorkers, long of the steady, solvent variety. For years they had lived in an ancestral mansion sorely jostled by downtown trade, and kept their hold upon New York society. During the period after the war between the States, when shoddy aristocracy first came to the fore, the Warriners were still in a position to arch their eyebrows at the mention of any prominent newcomer whose pedigree had yet to be brought out of chaos into form and substance. In fact, as Job Adamson had once been heard to say, they were "little tin gods on wheels."

The present incumbents of the family honors were the widow of the late ruling Warriner, who had died insolvent years back, her son and daughters three. The son we have just seen enter Mr. Adamson's dining-room. The oldest girl, straightforward and rather "intense," had cut loose from her mamma, and gone to study the fine art of nursing in St. Juda's grand new hospital on the Riverside Drive. The second girl, Emily, was a handsome devotee of fashion,

which, as she could now no longer enjoy it from the top, she was content to take from any quarter accessible below the apex of the pile.

Mrs. Warriner, herself a blue-blooded personage with a high nose and dissatisfied expression, had been obliged since her widowhood to struggle hard to keep her children supplied with the means of living. She and the girls had moved out of the old house, now occupied by a Society of Occult Sciences on the ground floor, a bookbindery, a tailor, and a Swedish masseur higher up. The only niche known to belong to this once dominant family in the city of their birth was a flat, uptown, pinched as to entry-ways, and with barely space for beds in its chambers, but rejoicing in an elevator and in servitors with buttony attire.

Miss Bessie Warriner, youngest of the three damsels, and not so confirmed in worldly observance as her mother would have liked, was a pleasant little body, good to look at but not pretty. She had been christened "Betsy," after some long-gone grandmother, and now threatened to take back the nomenclature discarded by her mother in her infancy, and adopt the profession of conducting pet dogs out to walk.

"'Betsy Warriner, spinster, and likely so to remain, will be pleased to take engagements for the daily exercise of canines belonging to the Four Hundred. N. B.—Great Danes preferred.'

"How would that look, mummy, in the daily papers?" the young woman had inquired. "You know it is really quite *chic* to earn one's money nowadays. And I believe that vocation would develop my latent genius as nothing else could do. I have thought over every other conceivable branch of industry."

"Bessie, you are impossible," said the wan mother, who had been lying broad awake half the night before plotting how to secure for her daughters new dresses for a coming ball, as well as to provide a certain sum Jack had told her he must have by the end of the month or be "irrevocably squashed!" She got no credit for it from her offspring, no sympathy from her friends, who thought she had much better throw up the sponge and go somewhere to live in the provinces, or, better still, in respectable vacuity abroad.

Mrs. Warriner did not want to go abroad. She loved New York, she believed in it, clung to its traditions, tried desperately to keep her place and her children's in its esteem; but year by year the tide had swelled more strongly against her. She would soon be overborne and carried out to sea. How was it possible for her little frail earthen pots to go on much longer in company with those made of iron but overlaid with gold?

She saw disaster ahead, and shuddered; but determined to keep on while she might. Perhaps Emily would marry; perhaps Jack would reform, and win for himself an heiress of whom there was, dear knows, always a supply cropping up. Jack, her beautiful, winning Jack, could, in her opinion, once have married whom he chose. But Jack had not chosen. He laughed at his chances, took no notice of women whom Mrs. Warriner considered had actually thrown themselves at his head. She had a horrible, heart-sickening fear that Jack was secretly smitten with the most detrimental person of her acquaintance—a mere child—a chit, just out of the nursery—of another old family, reduced like themselves, just about to make her appearance in society; and, worse still, she feared the chit was in love with Jack.

When, earlier that winter, Jack had formed a business alliance with an artistic photographer (in the exercise of the one paying accomplishment Mr. Warriner possessed), and had been sent to a Western city to establish a branch studio, his mother had heaved a great sigh of relief.

But alas! Jack had soon written her that he had had a blooming row with the Johnnie who considered himself his boss. Next, that the rows were increasing. Lastly, that he'd thrown up the whole business, and was coming home.

And now he had come home—Bessie flying into his arms with every expression of artless rapture, Emily looking at him with shut lips and coldly contemptuous eyes, his poor mother kissing him with blank despair in her heart. For the seventy-and-seventh time it was all to begin again!

Jack assured her, when they were alone, that he had timed his return to welcome home the best friend he ever had—Rex Adamson, who was now about to settle in business of some kind, and would surely put him up a berth. With the utmost good humor he rallied his mother upon the failure of her previous projects to bring about a match between Euphrosyne and Job Adamson's heir; told her that while there was life there was hope in that respect; and swore by all that was holy that with Rex's help he meant to turn over an entirely new leaf, work hard, rake in the dollars, and make the Warriners again hold their heads up with the best.

When he left her to go to call on Rex, Mrs. Warriner sat bolt upright with a new apprehension. Was Jack doing all this for the sake of that little pauper, Lucy Hope?

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Editor's Note—This story began in the Post of June 10.

The Elephant that Became Ringmaster

By CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS

I AM not in the habit of talking with chance fellow-passengers, but the man by whom I sat was such an amiable fellow, and he seemed so glad to have some one to talk to, that I did not discourage his attempts at conversation, as I sometimes do, with monosyllabic replies.

As the train pulled out of Seymour a circus was parading the main street, and an elephant in cap and bells led the procession. It was an amusing sight, and it started my seatmate on a story of his travels.

"I NEVER WAS MUCH OF A ONE FOR SENTIMENTAL NOTIONS, BUT NOWADAYS—SOMETIMES—THIS LAST NIGHT OR TWO ESPECIALLY, WHEN THE STORM WAS RAGING AND I WAS THINKING ABOUT YOUR SHIP——"

"I never see an elephant," said he, "but I am reminded of some I saw in India. Are you fond of strictly veracious tales?"

He said this so abruptly that I looked at him in surprise as I answered in the affirmative. "Come into the smoker, then. I know from the number of papers you have that you are a writer, and you are welcome to use the tale as you will."

We repaired to the smoker and he began his story.

"In the summer of '87 I was in India on a walking trip. I walked from Japan to India in three weeks, just for the exercise."

I knew from this that the probabilities were that the old soul had never been five hundred miles from his birthplace, and I settled back with the greater expectancy. It isn't travel that makes the liar always.

He went on: "The jungles in India are filled with birds, beasts and reptiles of variegated hues and obnoxious tempers, but the king of them all is the elephant, although the lion's press agent may tell you something different; and elephants in the jungle are just as common as yellow butterflies in June. I got so used to them that I did not look up when a herd of a thousand or so passed by, and having learned from an Indian fakir a peculiar note familiar to an elephant—a sort of Masonic sign, as it were—I was perfectly safe.

"One day I stopped to listen to the notes of a bird of paradise that was moulting. The only time that a bird of paradise sings is when she is moulting. As the feathers drop out the musical tones come too, and it is interesting to come on a bird in the full panoply of—of—well whatever panoply is usually filled with—and see her drop her gorgeous plumage while the woods ring with her notes. She is happy at the prospect of a new gown. The female instinct——"

I reminded him that the female bird of paradise is not gorgeously attired, and he went on, somewhat chastened.

"This particular bird of paradise was in the middle of a pretty roulade, and all his tail feathers were dropping rhythmically to the ground when I heard the glad sound of a lunch bell. Now a lunch bell in the heart of India is incongruous, and my thoughts were carried back to the hokey-pokey man of my youth, and I half expected to be asked to buy a penny's worth of ice cream from an itinerant Indian. But a minute later I saw a stranger scene than that. Twenty elephants marched by, in Indian file—of course, being in India their file would have to be Indian. They were led by a diminutive elephant who carried in his trunk the bell that I had heard. He had a large B branded on his left flank. Arrived at a clearing in the jungle, the little elephant trumpeted a command, and instantly his companions halted and formed what they call a company front in military circles. I used to go around in military circles until I became dizzy, and I picked up a good many of their terms.

"Well, the little elephant trumpeted again, and they formed the hollowest square I ever saw. Then they all broke ranks and disappeared for a minute in the jungle. They returned on the run, each elephant bearing a red, white and blue barrel like those used in tricks in circuses. Then that little elephant put them through their paces. They mounted those barrels, stood on one leg, and did all the tricks that the late P. T. Barnum spent so many years in teaching to the first trick elephant. Then the little fellow passed the bell down the line. Each one rang it in turn.

"Well, the little fellow next took a suit of red, white and blue clothes out of his trunk and put it on. Then he marched up and down in front of the elephants, inspecting them. Then he gave a command and they formed a pyramid. Then he went into the woods and brought out a barrel organ and played Sweet Violets, and Grandfather's Clock, and Tommy, Make Room for Your Uncle, in a way that carried me back to Centennial days. Mind you, we were at least a thousand miles away from the nearest circus, and two hundred miles from any human beings, and I couldn't account for the thing at all until the next day, when I walked into Benares, a suburb of Calcutta. There I heard an explanation of the remarkable sight. The little elephant I saw had escaped from Barnum's circus and had swum all the way back to India from New York, taking with him nothing but his barrel organ, his barrel, his bell and his——"

"Trunk," I suggested, but the joke was so old that it died before reaching his ears.

"His suit. Once in his native wilds he naturally wanted to teach his old friends all the tricks that had made him popular.

"But how did he get all the barrels?" I asked.

"Oh, a circus was lost while crossing the Ganges from Simla to Calcutta, and the barrels were washed ashore and were found by this intelligent little beast."

"Certainly it was a strange sight to see," I ventured.

"But the strangest part came years later," he replied, as he lit another cigar. "In '97 I was sent by the British Government to buy a piece of jungle from the Rajah Ping Bungh Pungh, and my course led me across the same tract that I had traversed before. It had not been built up to any appreciable extent, although here and there I saw a real-estate sign. The birds of paradise were silent, for it was not their moulting time. I came to a bosky dell, and, hearing a bell ringing, I peered over a mighty rock and saw the quaintest, prettiest sight imaginable. About a hundred young elephants were turning somersaults, forming pyramids, and taking turns ringing the battered old bell and grinding out scattered notes on the wheezy old hand-organ. They were the progeny of the herd of elephants that I had seen before, and the tricks that their parents had learned laboriously came to them naturally. But the most remarkable thing of all was the fact that on each flank there was a scar in the skin forming the letter B. Talk about heredity——"

"Naugatuck!" shouted the brakeman, and my friend gathered up his traps and scrambled off the train.

MAXIMS that have made MILLIONS

Five Formulas Worth Twenty Millions Each

RUSSELL SAGE, the dean of American financiers, set out in pursuit of his present $100,000,000 as an errand boy in a country grocery store. His maxims are these:

1 Be temperate and you will be happy.

2 Plain food, an easy mind and sound sleep make a man young at eighty-three.

3 Opportunities are disgusted with men who don't recognize them.

4 Despair is the forerunner of failure. Next to a fat purse is a "stiff upper lip."

5 When a man "loses his head" he mustn't complain about the other fellow taking an advantage. Keep cool and freeze out the enemy.

A Millionaire Who Never Borrows

MR. CHARLES BROADWAY ROUSS, who is worth $6,000,000, and who began his business career as a clerk in a small store, suggests the following seven maxims as embracing the essentials of a successful business career:

1 The dignity of labor is the greatest of all dignities; the genius of work is the greatest of all geniuses.

2 Industry, integrity, economy and promptness are cardinal requisites to certain and honorable success.

3 Merit is the trade-mark of success; quality the true test of value.

4 Success is not in time, place or circumstance, but in the man.

5 Credit and partnerships are the scourge of commercial history and the bane of commercial experience.

6 Beware of the gifts of the Greeks; they allure that they may destroy; credit is tempting, but ruin surely follows in its path.

7 Burn the ledger and learn to say No; this is best for both buyer and seller.

Some Tools for Making Millions

HENRY CLEWS began life as a messenger boy in an English woolen factory. He is now worth $8,000,000, and attributes his rise in life to his belief in these simple mottoes:

1 It requires other things than ambition to become a millionaire; making everything count for something is one of the other things.

2 Sobriety, honesty and industry are the three graces of a successful business career.

3 Save without parsimony; spend without lavishness.

4 Sound health, a clear head, wise economy and work, work, work will declare big dividends for any one who looks well after the original investment.

5 Shun wild speculations, and be satisfied with slow but sure returns for money invested.

Work Makes Wealth and Goodness to Boot

DARIUS O. MILLS, financier and philanthropist, started on his road to fortune with nothing but a good physique and a large determination. He is now worth $25,000,000, and he has acquired that amount of money by observing these rules:

1 Work develops all the good there is in a man; idleness all the evil; therefore work if you would be good—and successful.

2 Sleep eight hours, work twelve, and pick your recreations with an eye to their good results.

3 Save one dollar out of every five you earn. It is not alone the mere saving of money that counts; it is the intellectual and moral discipline the saving habit enforces.

4 Be humble, not servile or undignified, but respectful in the presence of superior knowledge, position or experience.

5 Most projects fail owing to poor business management, and that means a poor man at the helm.

6 Success is measured by the good one does, not by the number of his millions or the extent of his power.

Some Practical Pessimisms

JOSEPH DOWNEY, one of the wealthiest contractors in Chicago, takes a pessimistic view of every business venture. He says that he is always expecting the worst to happen, and is agreeably surprised when the reverse occurs. To his intimate friends he often gives these terse bits of advice:

1 Never figure what your profits are going to be.

2 Calculate what your possible losses will be on a venture.

3 Figure what the lowest return will be in a business proposition with all things unfavorable. If matters turn out favorably you can stand the prosperity that follows.

4 Buy all the property that you can, but never build to suit yourself. Construct buildings to please others and they will sell.

In Praise of the Still Tongue

COLLIS P. HUNTINGTON laid the foundation of his fortune of $50,000,000 by peddling hardware in California during the feverish days of 1849. His business maxims are:

1 Don't talk too much during business hours.

2 Listen attentively; answer cautiously; decide quickly.

3 Do what you think is right and stand by your own judgment.

4 Teach others, by your conduct, to trust you implicitly.

5 Never let your competitors know what your next move will be; time enough to talk after you have acted.

6 Have a definite aim, and keep your eye on the objective point.

7 Be bold with caution, prudent with boldness.

Mrs. Hetty Green's Recipe for a Fortune

MRS. HETTY GREEN is the wealthiest woman in the world. Without capital, friends or influence she has built up a fortune estimated at $60,000,000. The maxims governing her business life she has formulated as follows:

1 Invest in real estate; buy a house for $5000 that can be soon sold for $6000.

2 Be satisfied with a profit the proportion of which corresponds with the size of the investment.

3 Women are seldom successful in commercial undertakings because they do not appreciate the importance of minding their own business.

4 Imitation may be the sincerest flattery, but the good of it all lies with the things imitated. Success is a stranger to imitation. People with money to invest should pay no attention to the doings of others, but look on things from their own point of view.

5 The goal of success is not always reached by the roughest road; the path is an easy one to find. That is why so many people miss it.

Wherein Millionaires Differ from Poets

GEORGE G. WILLIAMS, President of the Chemical National Bank, of New York, who is worth $5,000,000, has worked his way from a clerkship to the head of one of the soundest financial institutions in the country by conduct founded upon the principles in his five favorite dictums:

1 There is no royal road to success. Work is the keynote.

2 Learn to do one thing well and do it thoroughly.

3 Ambition and common sense will win success for any one along legitimate lines.

4 The really successful man is made, not born.

5 Determination is the lever of the great machine of life.

Practice Economy; Avoid Extravagance

MR. D. K. PEARSONS, millionaire, philanthropist and patron of colleges, says that the rules of life can be summed up as follows:

1 Practice steady economy. Do not spend until you have it to spend. Be strictly honest, and never take advantage of men. Avoid show and extravagance. Use your money to educate the poor.

2 Be your own executive. Trust no man to administer upon your estate. You cannot carry out of this world any amount with your dead hands. There is no use for money beyond the grave.

The Golden Rule in Money-Getting

PRESIDENT JOHN J. MITCHELL, of the Illinois Trust and Savings Bank, and a financier of the first rank, simplifies his code of business ethics as follows:

1 There is no question that the golden rule is the best one to apply to business transactions.

2 I put myself in the place of the man with whom I am dealing and govern my actions accordingly.

3 Success has attended my efforts because of dealing with others as I would be dealt with.

4 My rule in investments has always been: Look to the principal rather than to the interest.

Entrapping Opportunity with Capital

JACOB FRANKS, who is reputed to be worth $2,000,000, went into business in Chicago, when nineteen years of age, with the determination to follow the rule—save money. His formula to-day is:

1 Good fortune cannot come unless you are provided with capital with which to seize opportunity when it appears.

2 Save money and be ready to invest.

3 Never borrow capital, and never owe a dollar that you cannot pay on demand.

Four Laws for a Lawyer

A. S. TRUDE, one of the wealthiest attorneys in the West, has long followed these rules:

1 Get the confidence of clients and keep it. Such confidence is accumulated capital.

2 Form a morganatic alliance with clients.

3 Buy during panics when others are frightened and expecting the bottom to drop out of securities.

4 When the storm is raging and forked lightning appears in the financial sky, invest in property that others fear will be injured.

Business Not the Only Thing in Life

SAYS Mr. C. L. Hutchinson, another millionaire:

1 The business man should not forget that there is much in life outside of mere business. It is a mistake for one to devote himself to it so exclusively that in time he loses all power to find enjoyment or interest outside of it.

2 Business is a means to an end, and the best of life is to be found outside its daily routine.

Mr. Rockefeller Dreads Debt

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, the "Oil King," whose wealth touches the $125,000,000 mark, won his first start in a business way by working on a New York farm twelve hours out of the twenty-four, for twenty-five cents a day. He has earned his position as a multi-millionaire by adhering to the principles of the following maxims:

1 It should be every man's duty to get all the money he can, keep all he can, and give away all he can.

2 Buy only what can be paid for, and look upon debt as an ogre that first paralyzes and then kills.

3 Live within your means, and don't think too much of your neighbor's good fortune.

4 Keep a record of all expenditures and receipts so that at the end of each year you can tell whether you are saving enough money to provide against the inevitable rainy day. Any one can make money; few can save it.

5 Live as though every act of yours was under the scrutiny of your bitterest enemy.

MOVING MILLIONS OF GOLD

By R.C.W. Wadsworth

BIGGER heaps of gold than ever were buried by Captain Kidd, or carried by rakish craft in the palmy days of the Spanish Main, are week in and week out hauled around New York City, to and from banks and steamship wharves, in a commonplace truck.

The business of moving the gold used in the settlement of commercial balances is always active in New York, for the credits and debits between the local banks, and, in a wider sense, between the United States and foreign countries, are daily shifting and must constantly be met. Of course a growing share of the exchanges between banks is made by the check system and the clearing-house, so that after the associated banks, by their representatives, have met together in the morning of each business day and exchanged the checks on each other taken in the previous day's transactions, only the differences have to be paid in actual money.

Thus it happens that the actual exchange of cash is generally less than ten per cent. of the total clearings, or exchanges of checks. For example: one day recently, when the New York banks had the largest clearings ever recorded—more than $352,000,000—all that immense sum was paid and received by the use of only $15,000,000 of actual money. Ordinarily, this money would have been in the form of greenbacks, but for some months bills have been very scarce, and clearing-house balances have uniformly been paid in gold, as are foreign balances.

Although foreign shipments of specie are almost constant in one direction or the other, the operation is always attended by danger and expense, so exchange bankers must see a substantial profit in it before shipment. This is possible only when the exchange rates in the debtor country rise high enough to pay for insurance, commissions and interest on the gold in transit.

When the balance of trade demands actual shipments, New York bankers or foreign exchange houses call in the services of Mr. Barkley, a rotund truckman well known to everybody in Wall Street. He has a monopoly of the trucking of gold there; all the bankers know and trust him, as they did his father for more than forty years. Barkley has a slate hanging in a doorway near the Stock Exchange, and his trucks stand near by when not busy. The bankers send a clerk or messenger for Barkley when they want any carting done. The last time I passed that door the slate said, "Call at J. P. Morgan & Co.'s and see Mr. King." Another day it may contain one or half a dozen orders from the big houses, and thither Barkley or one or two of his men go to do their bidding.

Gold in transit is packed into small *rouleaux*, wrapped carefully in little canvas bags. The small bags are encased in bigger and heavier ones. The whole thing is then put into a small keg and the interstices are filled with sawdust. This is to prevent abrasion, for gold that is much worn by rolling around loses considerably in value.

Some gold stays in its wrappings for months and years together. It may in that time have traveled a dozen or twenty times across the ocean, or it may have lain untouched in bank vault or clearing-house. When moved about on the trucks, it might be supposed that a big guard of men would be necessary to watch lest some agile thief get away with one of the little kegs. But the little kegs are their own protection; the $60,000 they contain makes troublesome lifting for two men, and only a Sandow of a thief would have any chance to get away in safety.

All gold shipments of any magnitude go only by the fastest ships, which are built with special compartments for gold down on the keelson, and far in the bows.

When Barkley or his European confreres bring a consignment aboard, it is carefully stored in the ship's vault and the purser takes sole charge of the keys. The first officer of the vessel sees that the vault is covered fathoms deep with the solidest kind of freight. If any robberies have occurred they have never been recorded.

GENTLEMEN OF THE SEA

A HISTORY OF AMERICAN PRIVATEERS

By Edgar S. Maclay

PAPER NUMBER I

THE privateer, as understood at the outbreak of the war for American independence, was a ship armed and fitted out at private expense for the purpose of preying on the enemy's commerce to the profit of her owners, and bearing a commission, or letter of marque, authorizing her to do so, from the Government. Usually the Government claimed a portion of the money realized from the sales of prizes and their cargoes.

The owners, of course, had the lion's share, though a considerable portion was divided among the officers and crew as an additional incentive to securing prizes. In fact, it was this division of the spoils, rather than the wages, that induced many of our best seamen to enter this peculiarly dangerous service. It frequently happened that even the common sailors received as their share in one cruise, over and above their wages, $1000—a small fortune in those days for that class of men.

GENTLEMEN SAILORS FOUGHT BUT DID NOT WORK

This opportunity to get rich suddenly gave rise to a peculiar class of seamen, who became known as "gentlemen sailors." All seaports sending out privateers were thronged with these tars of exalted degree, and, in many cases, of long pedigree. Usually they were of highly respectable parentage, and in some instances belonged to well-known families. They went to sea, not as common seamen, but as adventurers to whom the chance of making prize-money was sufficient inducement to undergo the hardships and perils of the sea.

Being better educated, and well trained to the use of arms—especially excelling the ordinary sailor in the latter accomplishment—they were welcomed in the privateer, and the Commander was glad to give them unusual privileges. They were not assigned to the ordinary work of the seaman, but formed a sort of a marine guard, standing between the officers and the regular crew. This arrangement came to be understood when the "gentleman sailor" shipped. The common seamen were to do the real drudgery of ship work, while these privileged tars were to be on hand when fighting was to be done.

THE LAW OF PRIZE-MONEY

The officers and crews of our Government warships always received a proportion of the money resulting from taking a prize, and even when they failed to bring the vessel to port, and in some cases where they lost their own ship, they received their share of prize-money.

According to a law made April 23, 1800, the following rule for distribution of prize-money was made for Government cruisers:

> "When the prize is of equal or superior force to the vessel making the capture, it shall be the sole property of the captors. If of inferior force, it shall be divided equally between the United States and the officers and men making the capture."

The act regulates the proportion in which the officers and men shall divide the prize-money:

> "All public ships in sight at the time of making prize shall share equally. Twenty dollars to be paid by the United States for each person on board an enemy's ship, at the commencement of an engagement, which shall be burned, sunk or destroyed by any United States vessel of equal or inferior force.
>
> "All prize-money accruing to the United States is solemnly pledged as a fund for payment of pensions, and half pay should the same be hereafter granted. If this fund be insufficient, the faith of the United States is pledged for the deficiency; if more than sufficient, the surplus is to go to the comfort of disabled mariners, or such as may deserve the gratitude of their country."

DIVIDING FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS

Congress voted $50,000 to the officers and crew of the Constitution when they captured the Guerrière, and the same amount when she took the Java, notwithstanding the fact that the latter was destroyed at sea. The same sum was given to the captors of the Macedonian. The rule for distributing prize-money in the Navy was to divide the total amount into twenty equal parts.

Where the sum was $50,000 the result was as follows: Three parts, or $7500, to the Captain;-two parts, or $5000, to the Sea Lieutenants and Sailing Master; two parts, or $5000, to the marine officers, Surgeon, Purser, Boatswain, Gunner, Carpenter, Master's Mates, and Chaplain; three parts, or $7500, to the Midshipmen, Surgeon's Mates, Captain's Clerk, Schoolmaster, Boatswain's Mates, Steward, Sailmaker, Master-at-Arms, Armorer and Coxswain; three parts, or $7500, to the Gunner's Yeomen, Boatswain, Boatswain's Yeoman, Quartermasters, Quarter-Gunners, Coopers, Sailmaker's Mates, Sergeants and Corporals of the Marines, Drummer, Fifer, and extra petty officers; seven parts, or $17,500, to the seamen, ordinary seamen, marines and boys.

As the last item, $17,500, was divided among about two hundred men and boys, it gave about eighty-seven dollars to each man, or about an equivalent to a year's wages. To the Commander, whose pay varied from $600 to $1200, the sum of $5000 was a small fortune. Each of the Sea Lieutenants got a little less than $1000 each, their regular pay being $480.

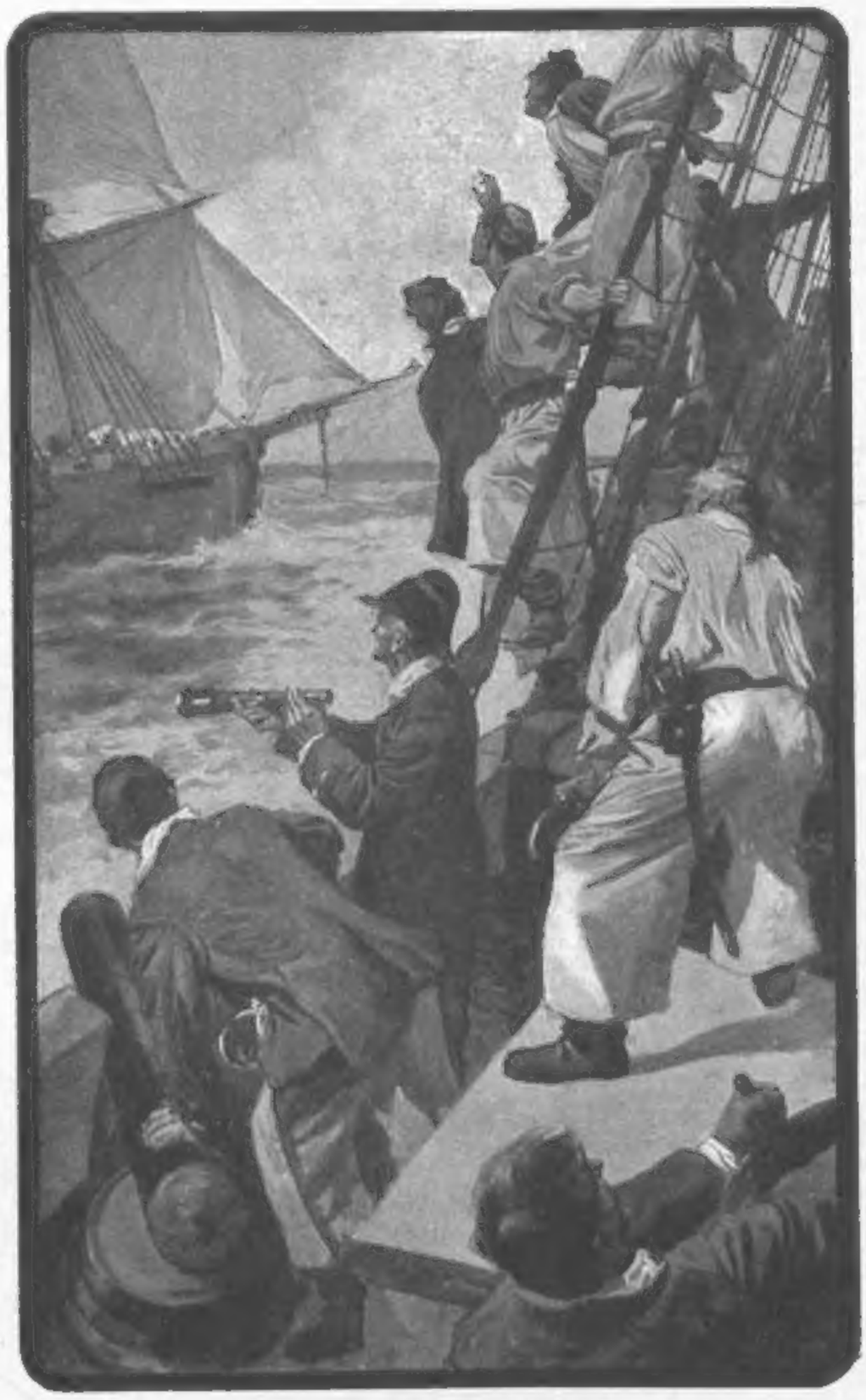
A MILLION DOLLARS FOR AN HOUR'S WORK

In a cruise lasting only a few weeks, in 1779, the United States cruisers, Queen of France, Captain John P. Rathbourne; the Providence, Captain Abraham Whipple, who was in command in the first overt act of resistance against British authority in America; and the Ranger, Captain William Simpson, brought eight merchantmen into Boston, their cargoes being valued at over a million dollars.

One of the boys in the Ranger, fourteen years old, who less than a month before had left a farm to ship in this cruiser, received as his share one ton of sugar, from thirty to forty gallons of fourth-proof Jamaica rum, about twenty pounds of cotton, and about the same quantity of ginger, logwood and allspice, besides $700 in money. In many instances, during the War of 1812, American cruisers took prizes valued at over a million dollars.

The Chesapeake has been credited with being one of the unlucky cruisers in that war, yet in the cruise just before her meeting with the Shannon she captured one ship, the Volunteer, the cargo of which was valued at $700,000, and in the same cruise she took the Ellen, whose cargo was sold in Boston for $17,560.

The little sloop Peacock, Master-Commandant Lewis Warrington, in one cruise took prizes valued at $635,000.



THEN, FILLING HIS RIGGING WITH HIS SUPERFLUOUS FORCE OF MEN, SO FAR OVERAWED THE ENEMY THAT THEY SURRENDERED

AUDACITY THE PRIVATEERSMAN'S STOCK IN TRADE

The first and greatest element of success with a privateersman was audacity. Without that, above all other things, he was doomed to ignominious failure. The regular man-of-war's man could go and come on his cruisers without meeting an enemy or taking a prize and yet suffer little in the estimation of the department.

In fact, in our first essays against the mistress of the ocean, both at the time of the Revolution and in the War of 1812, the naval commander who put to sea and regained port with a whole skin was regarded by our then over-timid naval administrators as being a singularly fortunate and capable officer. Not so with a privateersman. To return to port empty-handed was to commit the greatest sin of the profession.

Hence we find that the privateersman was preeminently a bold and daring man, and when such qualities are combined with skillful seamanship we have the ideal privateersman.

STEALING A VICTORY WITH DUMMY GUNS

An illustration of the "audacious impudence" of our privateersmen is had in the case of the Paul Jones, of New York. This vessel put to sea at the outbreak of the War of 1812 with a complement of 120 men, but with only three guns.

Almost her first prize was the heavily armed British merchantman Hassan, carrying fourteen guns, but with only twenty men, though her cargo was worth some two hundred thousand dollars. The Paul Jones, though carrying only three guns, was pierced for seventeen. It is said that the Commander of the Paul Jones sawed off some spare masts to the length of guns, painted them black, and, being mounted on buckets, rolled them out of his empty ports as effective imitations of heavy ordnance. Then, filling his rigging with his superfluous force of men, so far overawed the enemy that they surrendered as soon as the privateer, with her dummy guns, got fairly alongside.

The Americans then helped themselves to such of the Hassan's guns and ammunition as they needed and went on their way rejoicing.

THE KNIGHTLY TREATMENT OF WOMEN

In general, the conduct of American privateersmen on the high seas was most commendable. They showed themselves to be not only daring, but gentlemen. When the schooner Industry, Captain Renneaux, a prize to the privateer Benjamin Franklin, Captain Ingersol, of New York, reached that port, August 24, 1812, it was learned that the craft belonged to a widow whose only dependence was on the earnings of that vessel. Although the Industry had $2000 worth of goods aboard, the Americans restored her and her cargo to the widow.

Another instance of the gallantry of the American privateersmen is had in the following:

> "A Mrs. Elizabeth Bell, of Nova Scotia, happened to be a passenger in the schooner Ann, Captain Kelly, of Halifax, when captured by the American privateer Dolphin, Captain Endicott. Reaching Salem, Mrs. Bell caused a notice to be published in a newspaper acknowledging 'with much gratitude the gentlemanly and humane treatment of the Captain and Prize-Master of the Dolphin in returning to her nine hundred dollars, together with her personal effects.'"

It seems that the "gentlemen sailors" were not confined to the male sex, for when our schooner Revenge was captured by the British privateer Belle Poole, the American prisoners were ordered to Portsmouth prison, upon which one of the prisoners announced "himself" to be a woman. Her love for adventure had induced her to don male attire, and she had been serving many months without her sex having been known.

FAMOUS AMERICAN PRIVATEERS

Early in the War of 1812 most of the American privateers were small pilot boats, but it was soon found that they were too weak to capture many vessels, as most of the English merchantmen were too heavily armed for them. This led to the construction of powerful swift-sailing craft, mounting twelve, eighteen, twenty-four, and even thirty three-pounders, and manned by 120 and 160 men—veritable corvettes—which were sent to sea at private expense. Of this class were the privateers Paul Jones, Rosamond, Saratoga, General Armstrong and Yorktown. Perhaps the most formidable of all was the frigate-built ship America, a privateer which was purchased in France in 1795 by George Crowninshield.

Many of our merchant vessels, transformed into privateers, proved to be formidable craft. In fact, a large proportion of our merchantmen were built with a view to speed; for, thanks to British interference in our mercantile affairs, the American shipowner had found it preferable to sacrifice a little carrying space in his ships to additional speed, as it would enable him to outsail the British cruiser and thus avoid disastrous delays and degrading impressments.

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Editor's Note—This is the first of three papers on the Romance of our American Privateersmen which Edgar S. Maclay has written for The Saturday Evening Post.

MEN AND WOMEN OF THE HOUR

A Great Speech Delivered in Whispers

When Judge Littlefield, of Rockland, Maine, enters Congress as the successor of the late Nelson Dingley, he will not find himself among strangers. Judge Littlefield has been a prominent figure in Maine politics for many years, and he won national fame at the St. Louis Convention in 1896 through his advocacy of Thomas B. Reed's candidacy for the Presidency. The former Speaker's canvass was in the hands of Joseph Manley and Judge Littlefield, and when the former gave up the contest in advance of the day on which the nominations were made the Judge was frankly outspoken in his disapproval of that course.

The Judge has a voice large enough for two men of ordinary size, and it filled the corridors of the leading hotel with picturesque denial that the Maine candidate had retired in favor of McKinley. Partly because of this gift, but chiefly on account of his eloquence, the Judge was chosen to second Mr. Reed's nomination, but he had done so much talking in advance that when he rose in the great convention hall his voice deserted him. He began in a hoarse, stage-whisper which could not be heard fifty feet distant, and long before he ended his speech he was talking chiefly to himself.

That night at his hotel a sympathizer was condoling with him.

"It would have been a great speech, Judge, if the other fellows had let you deliver it," he said.

"Never mind about the other fellows," the Judge is reported to have replied, partly in signs and partly in whispers. "If I ever catch some of those fellows in a close room I'll make their ears ache."

The Judge will have his chance next December.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT

Wortham Meets His Ideal

The Honorable William Wortham is now about as well known in a certain jewelry store in New York as he is in Texas, where he has long served as State Treasurer. It came about this way: Mr. Wortham was in this store one day, buying a present for a member of his family, when he noticed a show-case filled with splendid jeweled revolvers with silver and gold grips and chased barrels, having precious stones set into the butts.

"Lemme see one of those guns," he said to the clerk.

"Which one, sir?"

"The gold one with the big ruby in the handle."

The clerk took it from the case. It was a beautiful piece of workmanship. It was marked $300, and it looked to be worth even more. The Texan took it tenderly in both hands and held it admiringly up to the light. Then drawing himself up to his full height, which was six feet and a half, he rested the revolver barrel upon his left elbow, crooked for the purpose, and looked over the sights down the long store. Those persons who saw him involuntarily dodged, and one woman screamed.

"Say," said Mr. Wortham, with quiet but intense enthusiasm as he returned the weapon, "if I was to wear that gun down in my State the people would be falling down on their knees begging to be killed with it."

The Scientific Side of Coaching a College Crew

Walter Browing Peet, M. D., the coach of Columbia's university crew, is probably the most deeply versed of all coaches in the mathematics of rowing. As his scientific attainments are backed up by long experience and a thorough knowledge of the art of training, Doctor Peet up to this year never coached a losing crew. The Doctor acquired his skill on the water while living in the New York State Deaf and Dumb Institute, up on the Hudson, of which his grandfather and afterward his father were the head for the greater part of a century. The elder Peet is the world-famed "Father Peet," and was probably the foremost instructor of deaf mutes in the world.

Walter has been familiar with deaf mutes from infancy. His mother is deaf, and the Doctor spoke with his fingers, in signs, before he could form words with his lips. While a Columbia undergraduate he undertook coaching, and his crew won the race from Harvard and Yale at New London. After leaving college he invented the popular machine for registering the strength of the stroke of a crew, which is used in most colleges to-day, both here and in England.

This machine created so much attention that it formed a special course of study in the mathematical department of the Sheffield Scientific School about ten years ago.

After leaving the Institute, Doctor Peet took up the study of medicine, and during his first year he was persuaded to coach the Columbia crew for the race at Poughkeepsie in 1894. His skill in this line and his insistence upon a rigid following of his training rules gave Columbia the victory in that race. Hamilton Fish, Jr., who was killed at the storming of San Juan, was a member of this crew, and after the race he led a large body of serenaders to the hotel where the Doctor was staying and gave him an ovation which is historic in college circles to this day for its earnestness, enthusiasm and extent.

In stature Doctor Peet is not of heroic size, but he is of medium height. He is prodigiously strong, and his voice can be heard farther than most megaphones. He is an author upon educational and rowing subjects, and his work as a writer shows great conciseness and strength, and knowledge of his subject.

MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE

Doctor Dwight's Annual Evarts Story

President Hadley, of Yale, and his predecessor, Dr. Timothy Dwight, differ largely in personality. The new executive is a highly nervous man—active, restless, and tirelessly energetic. The former President is calmer and far less excitable. Doctor Dwight has great personal dignity, and to many Yale students he appeared to be unapproachable; but such was not the case. It is not the habit in large colleges for the undergraduates to come closely in contact with the President, but those few who did call on Doctor Dwight found him to be the soul of courtesy, sympathy and kindness.

Every year it was the custom of the Doctor to deliver a course of "talks" before the freshman class. As the class changed each year the Doctor repeated the same advice in practically the same language each season. There was one story which he invariably told. It was concerning William M. Evarts, and illustrated the pleasure that a well-trained mind derives from itself.

"Mr. Evarts once said," the Doctor used to say, "that he always liked to talk to himself for two reasons. First, because he liked to hear a clever man talk; and second, because he enjoyed having a bright man for a listener."

Of course Mr. Evarts heard from this frequently.

"I can always tell," Mr. Evarts is reported to have said once, "to what class a Yale man belongs when I meet him. If he repeats that anecdote in an awe-inspired manner I know he has just finished his freshman year; but if he repeats it patronizingly, as if he could have said something very much better along the same line himself, then I know that he has just finished his senior year."

Another story current at Yale for many years illustrates the nervousness of President Hadley.

Professor Hadley was riding to college one day in a horse car when old Professor Seymour, Greek department, got on and warmly greeted him. At the same moment the conductor came up for his fare. Mr. Hadley for an instant was in a dilemma; he rose, and cordially shaking hands with the conductor, gave Professor Seymour his carfare.

Harrison's Old Commanding General

They brought home the other day the body of General Dan Macauley, once President of the Nicaragua Canal Company, from its temporary tomb in Central America. At the close of the war Dan Macauley was one of the most popular men in the West. His eldest brother was Barney McAuley, the actor. Another brother is the owner of Macauley's Theatre, in Louisville. Barney changed the spelling of his name because of a paternal disagreement. The General went into the war in an Indiana regiment as a drummer-boy and came out a Major-General. After Lee's surrender he was elected Mayor of Indianapolis and served that city for many terms. General Benjamin Harrison was a Colonel in Macauley's division.

In those days Macauley was regarded almost as an idol. He was remarkably handsome, tall and muscular. His eyes were laughing blue and his hair curled tightly to his shapely head. As a soldier he was popularly believed to have few equals.

He left the city in 1876, and in 1877 the railroad strike broke out which kept Indianapolis almost under martial rule for a day or two. On that occasion General Harrison was put in command of the home guard called out by the Governor, which camped in Judge Gresham's room in the United States court-house. The guards, the writer included, were drilled morning, noon and night for one long day, and there were many complaints that the Hoosier capital did not have the services of General Macauley at that time. Judge Gresham, himself a General, aided in the drill, and one-armed Dan Ransdall was the regimental Adjutant.

That was only twenty-two years ago. Harrison has been President, Gresham died as Secretary of State, Dan Ransdall was Marshal of the District of Columbia in 1889, and the memory of General Macauley in spite of a brilliant career as promoter and hotel-keeper in New York and financier in the Isthmus, is only recalled by his burial in his native land.

A Rough Experience for Mrs. Howe

In Alfred, New York, is one of the oldest co-educational institutions in this country. It has graduated many famous men and women. Professor Allen, a descendant of Ethan Allen, who was at its head with his daughter, now Mme. Alberti, of New York City, created considerable consternation among the villagers by their innovations more than two generations ago. Miss Allen opened a calisthenic department for girls. Another teacher gave lessons in the languages to women, and Professor Allen advertised a series of lectures by a "female lyceum star."

He hired the largest hall in the place and put tickets on sale. Up to this time there had never been a female lecturer in that part, or, for that matter, in any part of the State. The day after the lectures were billed the Selectmen of the town entered a protest, and Professor Allen found that he could not get the hall. Next he tried to engage the schoolhouse, but this was also refused. Just about this time he discovered that the railroad authorities had been prevailed upon to see that the train bearing the lecturer should not stop at the station that day.

This aroused the Professor's wrath. He hired all the vehicles he could, from buggies to hayracks, and Miss Allen went to the next town and hired a hall.

Upon the day of the lecture the train sped through the town, which was only a flag station, despite the frantic endeavors of the female star to have it stopped. At the next station, however, she was greeted by hundreds of persons who had come in from miles around. The situation was explained, the young woman taken to the hall, and the lecture, which was on art, was delivered. It was a great success in spite of many placards put up by hostile villagers proclaiming:

"A hen will crow in the town-hall to-night."

The lecturer has always said that this effort aided her greatly at the beginning of her career, which to-day is one of the proudest chapters in the advancement of American women. The lecturer was Miss Julia Ward, now the venerable Julia Ward Howe.

TOLD MORE BRIEFLY

How Mr. Carlisle Studies.—Ex-Secretary John G. Carlisle, who is now a New York lawyer, is said to utilize the game of solitaire as a means of studying out some intricate legal problem. He is reported to have spent, frequently, whole nights at the table in his study in Washington, planning a speech for the next day in the Senate while industriously, though mechanically, playing solitaire.

WILLIAM M. EVARTS

Diplomacy Delayed by Dinners.—While Minister Bellamy Storer was on his way to Madrid and the newspaper correspondents were fretting about his delay in arriving, Postmaster-General Charles Emory Smith must have enjoyed more than one reminiscent chuckle, for when he was appointed Minister to St. Petersburg he himself took his own time in reaching his post.

"It was on account of hospitalities," Mr. Smith explained at a dinner once. "I was banqueted by the American colony in every European capital along the route. At length Secretary Blaine wrote to me good naturedly, intimating that if I was eating my way into Russia, as it seemed to him I was doing, it might be well for me to abridge my appetite."

Mr. Grace a Good Sleeper.—William R. Grace is one millionaire who will not lose his health from insomnia, whatever his business worries may be. He was first chosen Mayor of New York in 1876. On the night of the election it seemed almost certain that he was defeated. He therefore left his headquarters early and went to bed, and knew nothing of his success until the next morning. Again, in 1884, he was reëlected. This time he knew he had been elected, but, as on the former occasion, he went to bed early, fell instantly asleep, and when his supporters called to congratulate him the next morning he was the freshest man in the lot.

PUBLICK OCCURRENCES

That are Making HISTORY

Pushing for the Poles

The close of the present century will be signalized by a series of determined attempts to penetrate the borders of the unknown in the far North. During the present summer no less than five expeditions will be in the field: Peary and Wellman representing America; Sverdrup and Nathorst, Norway and Sweden, and the young Duke of Abruzzi leading the Italian party in the Stella Polare.

Popular interest centres, for the time being, in the last-named enterprise, which marks the appearance of Italy among the nations seeking polar honors, and introduces a Royal Prince in the rôle of Arctic commander.

The writer was the first to greet the Prince at Yakutat Bay in Alaska in August, 1897, on his return from his successful attack on Mt. Saint Elias, and the impression then received of his courage, enthusiasm and marked executive ability leads to the belief that he will make a place for himself among the great explorers of his time. In completeness of equipment it is said the Italians have excelled all recent expeditions, and a novel adjunct of the party consists of a group of Alpine guides recruited from the valleys of Savoy.

The line of attack selected by Abruzzi—known as the Franz-Josef Land route—has lost much of its preeminence among geographers as a way of reaching the Pole; since Nansen has shown that the northern extent of the archipelago is inconsiderable, and the Jackson-Harmsworth expedition, after a three-years' residence at Cape Flora, did not succeed in making any notable advance toward the distant North.

The American expedition under Walter Wellman spent the past winter in Franz-Josef Land, and it is to be hoped will be able to greet the whaler which visits them this summer with a tale of new lands and seas explored.

In the Smith Sound region, Lieutenant-Commander Peary, in August last, with a ship of his own, reached an advantageous position at Etah on the northwest coast of Greenland, and with the help of native allies hoped to push his headquarters north to Sherrard Osborne Fiord, from which point he plans, during the present season or the next, to make a final successful sledge journey poleward *via* Independence Bay and the outlying land masses extending toward the North. Peary believes these islands—which he describes as the nearest known land to the Pole—to be factors of great importance in the problem he has undertaken, in that they will offer suitable places for establishing depots of supplies and a correspondingly safe line of retreat to his home base.

HENRY G. BRYANT, ESQ.
PRESIDENT OF THE GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY OF PHILADELPHIA

Some who are specially interested in Peary's success believe his chances would be improved if he had a larger party with him—his single white companion and colored servant forming a small force in case of disaster. On the other hand, it is recalled that he did his best sledge work in 1892 with one companion, and when the aid of his Eskimo allies is considered and his masterful knowledge of Arctic sledging is recalled, it is only fair to expect important additions to geographical knowledge from this officer, who for eight years past has pursued his chosen work in the North with such unswerving devotion.

Captain Otto Sverdrup won lasting fame by his skillful management of the Fram on the memorable expedition of Doctor Nansen, and his appearance in West Greenland waters in the same vessel, manned by a crew of redoubtable Norsemen, lends added interest to the possibilities of achievement in the Smith Sound region during the present year. Should he succeed in his announced program of circumnavigating Greenland, he will indeed add new laurels to Norwegian pluck and daring.

The possibility of bringing succor to the brave but unfortunate Andrée is the announced motive for Doctor Nathorst's expedition to the east coast of Greenland. Should this resolute Arctic traveler reach the latitude of Cape Bismarck and then be fortunate enough to push his vessel through the formidable drift ice which sweeps down the east coast, and thus be permitted to map the coast line to the north and south, the result again, from a geographical standpoint, will fully repay the promoters of the enterprise, even though, as seems probable, no trace of the missing aeronaut be found.

The study of circumpolar currents has attracted additional interest since the famous drift of the Fram, and it goes without saying that any data bearing directly on this special problem of oceanography will be received by the scientific world with acclaim. The recent dispatch from San Francisco of fifty drift casks on board the U. S. R. C. Bear and several vessels of the Arctic whaling fleet, has called attention to an interesting experiment suggested by Rear-Admiral George W. Melville, U. S. N., and carried out by the Geographical Society of Philadelphia.

The promoters of this method of studying Arctic currents without endangering human life indulge in the hope that some of these strongly built, spindle-shaped little casks, which are to be set adrift on the ice floes near Herald Island and elsewhere in the Arctic Sea north of Alaska, will eventually find their way across the polar area and be picked up perhaps by the hardy Norwegian walrus-hunters near Spitzbergen, or be rescued by wandering Eskimos from the same current of drift ice which brought the Jeannette relics to the neighborhood of Friedrickshaben on the west coast of Greenland three years after that vessel had been crushed by the ice in the Arctic Sea north of Siberia.

After fifty years of neglect the Antarctic regions are about to become the objective point of two expeditions organized in the most thorough manner under Government auspices, and destined, perhaps, to remove the veil of mystery which has so long hung over this part of the world. In England, the officials of the Royal Society and the Royal Geographical Society have for years past carried on a propaganda to stimulate interest in Antarctic exploration.

The patriotic liberality of Mr. L. W. Longstaff made the projected undertaking a possibility, and quite recently the official announcement has been made that the expedition will receive a substantial grant from the Government.

The German public has, for years past, been informed as to the great possibilities of Antarctic research by Professor Neumayer and others, and as a result of this popular discussion steps are being taken to dispatch, under Government auspices, a superbly equipped expedition, which is to start for the South in 1901 under the leadership of Dr. Erickson Drygalski, whose studies of Greenland glaciers have recently attracted the attention of physical geographers. It is a matter of satisfaction to geographers the world over that these two important expeditions are to act in complete harmony in pursuing their respective investigations, each party confining its work to a well-defined area, and carrying on observations which, in time and character, will be supplemental of the other.

At the approaching International Congress of Geographers to be held in Berlin, in September next, a prominent place on the program is assigned to a discussion of the proposed exploration of the Antarctic regions, and many details of interest will then be considered. The recently returned Belgian expedition, under Captain de Gerlache, while it did not succeed in making any marked advance to the south, collected data of much interest, experienced an imprisonment of thirteen months in the moving pack, and demonstrated for the first time that the long Antarctic winter possesses no terrors which the explorer cannot face with equanimity.

Henry G. Bryant.

The New Heroes of the Year in Sunny France

As a rule, the French people need a new hero as often as the seasons change, but in recent days they seem to have demanded one at least every month.

Major Marchand, fresh from his achievements in Africa, was the idol of the hour. Crowds thronged to see and cheer him. The man who received Kitchener at Fashoda was a new kind of hero of France, and the world generally recognized his great work in pushing his way northward through Africa and accomplishing wonderful feats during his two years of progress in the Dark Continent.

A hero of a different kind was President Loubet, who at the Auteuil race-course bore himself so superbly when attacked by the miserable little gang of Royalists, one of whom is now serving a term in jail for hitting the President with a cane. President Loubet never assumed a more heroic attitude than when, after the assault, he uttered the words: "All my family opposed my becoming President, and I had no desire to remain at the Elysée; but now that it is dangerous to be the Chief of State, my duty is clear, and I will let my enemies, if I have any, be convinced that I shall accomplish my mission to the end."

But the greatest hero of all is Colonel Picquart, who faced the passions of Paris, surrendered his career, underwent imprisonment and dared death simply and solely in behalf of truth. It was he who first unearthed the plan to ruin Dreyfus, and he has borne the indignities, which would have weakened ninety-nine out of a hundred men, for the sake of right. His figure looms up magnificently from one of the darkest chapters of national history. It has been said that the safety of France is in the people outside of Paris, and all three of these heroes were born in the Provinces.

The Credit of American Cities Equals that of the National Government

It has not been very long since many American cities had to pay full rates on any loans that they made, and in more than one instance their bonds sold below par; but within the past ten years there has been a steady appreciation of municipal credit, until now it stands on about the same plane as that of the National Government itself.

Within the present year several of our cities have made loans at considerably less than three per cent. As finance is distinctly not sentimental, we may possibly find in this fact a substantial proof that at least a part of the improvement in municipal credit is due to an improvement in municipal government; and as municipal government has long been the weak point in American administration, there seems to be something in the situation to rejoice over.

Fifty New Cotton Mills Add to the Wealth of the Southern States

A suggestive feature of the remarkable development of American manufacturing in the first half of 1899 is found in the cotton-mill movement in the Southern States. At the end of the last fiscal year there were 425 mills in operation in that section, which, with more than four million spindles, had used more than a million and a quarter bales.

So far this year fifty new mills have been built or projected in the South, representing a capital investment of $11,500,000, and thirty-nine old mills have been improved at a cost of $5,600,000. The new and improved mills will require an aggregate of 1,100,000 additional spindles, nearly as many as the entire South had nine years ago.

Our Industrial Products Find Profitable Markets in Russia

Russia has recently ordered $20,000,000 worth of American ordnance, $5,000,000 worth of American steel rails, and many million dollars more in American products of various kinds. As a consequence, our manufacturers are looking to Russia as a great opportunity. A nation of 130,000,000 people, with vast enterprises on hand, needs a great many things which the Americans can supply, and as the friendship between the two Governments has always been strong, and was never closer than it is to-day, it is quite probable that our relations with that country will continue to be pleasanter than ever.

Peace Thrives, but Great Britain Spends Twenty Millions for Defense

It has been explained that the Czar of Russia did not expect the nations really to disarm as a result of his rescript, and the most he hoped for was that they would halt in increasing their expenditures for war purposes. But even in that he is doomed to disappointment, for the expenditures go on.

Right in the midst of the Peace Conference the Government moved in the Committee of the House of Commons a resolution authorising the introduction of a bill providing a loan of $20,000,000 for defense work, barracks and rifle ranges at home and abroad. All this will be spent at points where defenses would be most needed in case of trouble with certain neighbors.

The sarcastic comment which this proposed expenditure has aroused does not affect the purpose of the British War Office in pushing its plans and spending the people's money.

American Farmers Growing a Fourth of the World's Wheat Crop

Midsummer estimates of the wheat crop of the world for the current year indicated a total of 2,504,000,000 bushels, of which the United States is expected to produce at least a full quarter, as it did last year. This total is about 244,000,000 bushels below the yield of 1898.

Local conditions the world over also showed that the American farmer would again have to provide a large part of the principal bread grain for the universe. In Russia, the largest European producer, both winter and spring grains were seriously injured by drought. In France, the second largest, the outlook was far better, yet a considerable reduction was in sight.

The United States has not wholly escaped unfavorable conditions. There was a reduction of a little over two per cent. in acreage of spring wheat, even with increased planting, in many sections, because of a failure in the winter crop; but, with all exceptions, a large surplus was assured.

The BATTLE of the MONSTERS

By Morgan Robertson

Extract from hospital record of the case of John Anderson, patient of Doctor Brown, Ward 3, Room 6:

August 3. Arrived at hospital in extreme mental distress, having been bitten on wrist three hours previously by dog known to be rabid. Large bloody mare, full-blooded Scott-Scottish Sanguine temperament. Pulse and temperature higher than normal, due to excitement. Cauterized wound at once (2 P.M.) and inoculated with lymph.

August 4. Patient admits having recently escaped, by swimming ashore, from sailing ship now at Quarantine, to hot been isolated and clothing disinfected. Watch for symptoms of cholera.

August 5, 6 P.M. Microscopic examination of blood corroborative of Metschnikoff's theory of fighting leucocytes white corpuscles gorged with bacteria.

HE WAS an amphibian, and, as such, undeniably beautiful; for the sunlight, refracted and diffused in the water, gave his translucent, pearl-blue body all the shifting colors of the spectrum. Vigorous and graceful of movement, in shape he resembled a comma of three dimensions, twisted, when at rest, to a slight spiral curve; but in traveling he straightened out, with quick, successive jerks, each one sending him ahead a couple of lengths. Supplemented by the undulatory movement of a long continuation of his tail, it was his way of swimming, good enough to enable him to escape his enemies—this, and riding at anchor in a current by his cable-like appendage, constituting his main occupation in life. The pleasure of eating was denied him; for though Nature had given him a mouth, he used it only for purposes of offense and defense, absorbing his food in a most unheard of manner—through the soft walls of his body.

But he enjoyed a few social pleasures. Though the organs of the five senses were missing in his economy, he possessed an inner sixth sense which answered for all, and also gave him power of speech. He could converse—swap news and views—with creatures of his own and other species, provided that they were of equal size and prowess; but he wasted no time on any but his social peers. Smaller creatures he pursued when they annoyed him; larger ones pursued him.

The sunlight, which made him so beautiful to look at, was distasteful to him; it also made him too visible. He preferred a half-darkness and less fervor to life's battle—time to judge of chances, to figure on an enemy's speed and turning circle before beginning flight or pursuit. But his dislike of it really came of a stronger animus—a shuddering recollection of three hours once passed on dry land in a comatose condition, which had followed a particularly long and intense period of bright sunlight. He had never been able to explain the connection, but the awful memory still saddened his life.

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And now it seemed, as he swam about, that this experience might be repeated. The light was strong and long-continued, the water uncomfortably warm, and the crowd about him denser—so much so as to prevent him from attending properly to a social inferior who had crossed his bow. But just as his mind grasped the full imminence of the danger, there came a sudden darkness, a crash and vibration of the water, then a terrible, rattling roar of sound. The social inferior slipped from his mouth, and with his crowding neighbors was washed far away, while he felt himself slipping along, bounding and rebounding against the projections of a corrugated wall which showed white in the gloom.

There was an unpleasant taste to the water, and he became aware of creatures in his vicinity unlike any he had known—quickly darting little monsters about a tenth as large as himself—thousands of them, black and horrid to see, each with short fishlike body and square head like that of a dog; with wicked mouth that opened and shut nervously; with hooked flippers on the middle part and a bunch of tentacles on the fore that spread out ahead and around. A dozen of them surrounded him menacingly; but he was young and strong, much larger than they, and badly frightened. A blow of his tail killed two, and the rest drew off.

"All right, stranger," said one. "We'll attend to you when the time comes. We're on business now."

The current bore them on until the white wall rounded off and was lost to sight beyond the mass of darting creatures. Here was slack water, and with desperate effort he swam back, pushing the small enemies out of his path, meeting some resistance and receiving a few bites, until in a hollow in the wall he found temporary refuge and time to think. But he could not solve the problem.

His thoughts were interrupted. Another vibrant roar sounded, and there was pitch-black darkness; then he was pushed and washed away from his shelter—jostled, bumped and squeezed until he found himself in a dimly lighted tunnel, which, crowded as it was with swimmers, was narrow enough to enable him to see both sides at once. The walls were dark brown and blue, broken up everywhere into depressions or caves, some of them so deep as to be almost like blind tunnels. The dog-faced creatures were there—as far as he could see; but besides them, now, were others, of stranger shape—of species unknown to him.

A slow current carried them on, and soon they entered a larger tunnel. He swam to the opposite wall, gripped a projection, and watched in wonder and awe the procession gliding by. He soon noticed the source of the dim light. A small creature with barrel-like body and innumerable legs or tentacles, wavering and reaching, floated past. Its body swelled and shrunk alternately, with every swelling giving out a phosphorescent glow, with every contraction darkening to a faint red color. Then came a group of others; then a second living lamp; later another, and another; they were evenly distributed and illumined the tunnel.

There were monstrous shapes, living but inert, barely pulsing with dormant life, as much larger than himself as the dog-headed kind were smaller—huge, unwieldy, disk-shaped masses of tissue, light gray at the margins, dark red in the middle. They were in the majority, and blocked the view. Darting and wriggling, between and about them were horrible forms, some larger than himself, others smaller. There were serpents that swam with a serpent's motion. Some were serpents in form, but were curled rigidly into living corkscrews, and by sculling with their tails they screwed their way through the water with surprising rapidity.

Others were barrel or globe shaped, with swarming tentacles. With these they pulled themselves along in and out through the crowd, or, bringing their squirming appendages rearward—each an individual snake—used them as propellers, and swam. All these, to the extent of their volition, seemed to be in a state of extreme agitation and excitement.

The cause was apparent. The tunnel from which he had come was still discharging the dog-faced animals by the thousand; and he knew now the business they were on. It was war—war to the death. They flung themselves with furious energy into the parade, fighting and biting all they could reach. A hundred at a time would pounce on one of the large red and gray creatures, almost hiding it from view; then, and before they had passed out of sight, they would fall off and disperse, and the once living victim would come with them—in parts. The smaller, active swimmers fled, but if one was caught, he suffered; a quick dart, a tangle of tentacles, an embrace of the wicked flippers, a bite—and a dead body floated on.

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But now into the battle came a ponderous engine of vengeance and defense. A gigantic, lumbering, pulsating creature, white and translucent but for the dark, active brain showing through its wall, horrible in the slow, implacable deliberation of its movements, floated down with the current. It was larger than the huge red and gray creatures. It was formless, in the full irony of the definition, for it assumed all forms. It was long, barrel-shaped; it shrank to a sphere; now it broadened laterally; and again it extended above and below. In turn it was a sphere, a disk, a pyramid, a pentahedron. It possessed neither legs, flippers nor tentacles; but out from its heaving, shrinking body it would send, now from one spot, now from another, an active arm, or feeler, with which it swam, pulled or pushed.

An unlucky invader which one of them touched made few more voluntary movements; for instantly the whole side of the whitish mass bristled with arms. They seized, crushed, killed, and then pushed it bodily through the living walls into the animal's interior to serve for food. And the gaping fissure healed at once, like the wounds of Milton's warring angels.

The first white monster floated down, killing as he went; then came another, pushing eagerly into the fray; then came two, then three, then dozens. It seemed that the word had been passed, and the army of defense was mustering.

Sick with fright, our friend (not yet our hero, for he is anything but heroic) watched the grim spectacle from the shelter of the projection until roused to an active sense of his danger—but not from the fighters. He was anchored by his tail, swinging easily in the eddy, and now felt himself touched from beneath; again from above. A projection downstream was extending outward and toward him. The cave in which he had taken refuge was closing on him like a great mouth—as though directed by an intelligence behind the wall. With a terrified flirt of his tail he flung himself out, and as he drifted down with the current the walls of the cave crushed together. It was well for him that he was not there.

As our friend drifted on with the inharmonious throng he noticed what seemed the objective of the war. It was the caves which lined the tunnel. Some were apparently rigid, others mobile. A large red and gray animal was pushed into the mouth of one of the latter, and the walls instantly closed; then they opened, and the creature drifted out, limp and colorless, but alive, and with him came fragments of the wall, broken off by the pressure. This happened again and again, but the large creature was never quite killed—merely squeezed.

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However, the dog-faced invaders sought this death, and only fought on their way to the caves. Sometimes two, often four or more, would launch themselves together into a hollow, but to no avail; their united strength could not prevent the closing in of the mechanical maw, and they were crushed and flung out, to drift on with other *débris*.

Soon the walls could not be seen for the pushing, jostling crowd, but everywhere the terrible, silent war went on until there came a time when fighting ceased; for each must look out for himself. They seemed to be in an immense cave, and the tide was broken into cross-currents rushing violently to the accompaniment of rhythmical thunder. They were hun-shaken, jostled, pushed about and pushed together—hundreds of the smaller creatures dying from the pressure. Then there was a moment of comparative quiet, during which fighting was resumed, and our friend caught sight of the swiftly flying walls of a large tunnel. Next they were rushed through a labyrinth of small caves of curious, branching formation—sponge-like and intricate.

Again the flying walls of a tunnel—again a mighty cave, and the cross-currents, and the rhythmical thunder—and now a wild charge down an immense tunnel, the wall of which surged, inward and outward, in unison with the roaring of the thunder.

The thunder died away in the distance, though the walls still surged—even those of a smaller tunnel which divided the current and received our friend and his immediate neighbors. Downstream the tunnel branched again and again; and with the lessening of the diameter was a lessening of the current's velocity, until, in a maze of small, short passages, the invaders, content to fight and kill in the swifter tide, again attacked the caves.

But to the never-changing result—they were crushed, mangled and cast out, the number of suicides, in this neighborhood, largely exceeding those killed by the white warriors. And yet, in spite of the large mortality among them, the attacking force was increasing. Where one died, two took his place; and the reason was soon made plain—they were reproducing by subdivision.

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And on went the battle. Illumined by the living lamps, and watched by terrified non-combatants, the horrid carnival continued with never-slacking fury and ever-changing background—past the mouths of tributary tunnels which increased the volume and velocity of the current and added to the fighting strength—on through widening archways to a repetition of the cross-currents, the thunder, and the spongelike maze—down past the heaving walls of larger tunnels to the branched passages, where, in comparative slack water, the siege of the caves was resumed. Hour after hour this went on, the invaders dying by hundreds, but increasing by thousands and tens of thousands, as the geometrical progression advanced, until, with swimming-spaces nearly choked by their bodies—living and dead—there came the inevitable turn in the tide of battle. A white monster was killed.

Glutted with victims, exhausted and sluggish, he was pounced upon by hundreds—hidden from view by a living envelope of black, which pulsed and throbbed with his death-throes. A feeler reached out, to be bitten off; then another, to no avail. His strength was gone, and the assailants bit and burrowed until they reached a vital part, when the great mass assumed a spherical form and throbbed no more. They dropped off, and as the mangled ball floated on, charged on the next enemy with renewed fury and courage born of their victory. This one died as quickly.

And as though it had been foreseen, and a policy arranged to meet it, the white army no longer fought in the open, but lined up along the walls to defend the immovable caves. They avoided the working jaws of the other kind—which certainly needed no garrison—and drifting slowly in the eddies, fought as they could, with decreasing strength and increasing death-rate. And thus it happened that our conservative friend, far out in midstream, found himself surrounded by a horde of black enemies who had nothing better to do than attack him.

And they did. As many as could crowd about him closed their wicked jaws in his flesh. Squirming with pain, rendered trebly strong by his terror, he killed them by twos and threes as he could reach them with his tail. He shook them off with nervous contortions, only to make room for more. He plunged, rolled, launched himself forward and back—up and down—out and in—bending himself nearly double, then with lightning rapidity throwing himself far into the reverse curve. He was fighting for his life, and knew it. When he could he used his jaws—only once to an enemy.

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Little by little the large red and gray creatures, the non-combatants, and the phosphorescent animals were pushed aside, and he, the centre of an almost solid black mass, fought, with the fury of extreme fright, in utter darkness. He had no appreciation of the passing of time—no knowledge of his distance from the wall, or the destination of this never-pausing current. But finally, after an apparently interminable period, he heard dimly, with failing consciousness, the reverberations of the thunder, and knew momentary respite as the violent cross-currents tore his assailants away. Then, still in darkness, he felt the crashing and tearing of flesh against obstructing walls and sharp corners, the repetition of thunder, and the roar of the current which told him that he was once more in a large tunnel.

An instant of light from a venturesome torch showed him to his enemies, and again he fought—like a whale in his last flurry—slowly dying from exhaustion and pain, but still potential to kill—terrible in his agony. Perhaps no devouring white monster in all the defensive army could have shown a death-list equal to this. From the surging black cloud there was a steady outflow of the dead.

Weaker and weaker, while they mangled his flesh, and still in darkness, he fought them down through branching passages to another network of small tunnels, where he caught a momentary view of the walls and the stolid white guard, thence on to what he knew was open space. And here he felt that he could fight no more. So he ceased his struggles; and numb with pain, dazed with despair, he awaited the end.

But it did not come. He was too far gone to feel surprise or joy when they suddenly dropped away from him; but the instinct of self-preservation was still in force, and he swam toward the wall. The small creatures paid him no attention; they scurried this way and that, busy with troubles of their own, and he crept stupidly and painfully between two white sentries floating in the eddies—one of whom considerately made room for him—and anchored to a projection.

"Any port in a storm, eh, neighbor?" said the one who had given him room, and who seemed to notice his dazed condition. "You'll feel better soon. My, but you put up a good fight. That's what you did!"

He could not answer, and the friendly guard resumed his vigil. In a few moments, however, he could take cognizance of what was going on in the stream. There was a new army in the fight, and reinforcements were still coming. A short distance above him was a huge rent in the wall, and the caves around it, crushed and distorted, were grinding fiercely. Protruding through the rent and extending half way across the tunnel was a huge mass of some strange substance roughly shaped to a cylindrical form. It was hollow, and out of it by thousands and hundreds of thousands was pouring the auxiliary army, from which the black fighters were now fleeing for dear life.

The newcomers, though resembling in general form the creatures they pursued, were much larger and of two distinct types. Both were light brown in color, but while one showed huge development of head and jaw, with small flippers, the other kind reversed these attributes—their heads being small,

but their flippers long and powerful. They ran their quarry down in the open, and seized them with outreaching tentacles. No mistakes were made—no feints or false motions; and there was no resistance by the victims. Where one was noticed, he was doomed. The tentacles gathered him in—to a murderous bite or a murderous embrace.

At last, when the inflow had ceased—when there must have been millions of the brown killers in the tunnel—the great hollow cylinder turned slowly on its axis and backed out through the rent in the wall, which immediately closed, with a crushing and scattering of fragments. Though the allies were far downstream now, the war was practically ended, for the white defenders remained near the walls, and the black invaders were in wildest panic, each one, as the resistless current rushed him past, swimming against the stream—to put distance between himself and the destroyer below. But before long an advance guard of the brown enemy shot out from the tributaries above, and the tide of retreat swung backward. Then came thousands of them, and the massacre was resumed before the view of our stupefied friend.

"Hot stuff, eh?" said his friendly neighbor to him.

"Y-y-y-es—I guess so," he answered, rather vacantly; "I don't know. I don't know anything about it. I never saw such doings. What is it all for? What does it mean?"

"Oh, this is nothing; it's all in a lifetime. Still, I admit it might have been serious if we hadn't got help."

"But who are they, and what? They all seem of a family, and are killing each other."

"Immortal Shade of Darwin!" exclaimed the other sentry, who had not spoken before. "Where were you brought up? Don't you know that variations from type are the deadliest enemies of the parent stock? These two brown breeds are the hundredth or two hundredth cousins of the black kind. When they've killed off their common relatives, and get to competing for grub, they'll exterminate each other, and we'll be rid of 'em all. Law of Nature. Understand?"

"Oh, y-yes, I understand, of course; but what did the black kind attack me for? And what do they want, anyway?"

"To follow out their destiny, I s'pose. They're the kind of folks who have missions. They wanted to get through the cells to the lymph passages, thence on to the brain and spinal marrow. Know what that means? Hydrophobia."

"What's that?"

"Oh, say, now! You're too easy!"

"Come, come," said the other good-naturedly. "Don't guy him. He never had our advantages. You see, neighbor," he said to our friend, "we're the white corpuscles—phagocytes, the scientists call us—and our work is to police the blood-vessels, and kill off invaders that make trouble. Those red and gray chumps can't take care of themselves, and we must protect 'em. Understand? But this invasion was too much for us, and we had to have help from outside. You must have come in with the first crowd—think I saw you—in at the bite. Second crowd came in through an inoculation tube."

"I don't know," answered our bewildered friend. "In at the bite? What bite? I was swimming around comfortable like, and there was a big noise, and then I was alongside of a big white wall, and then——"

"Exactly, the dog's tooth. You got into bad company, friend, and you're well out of it. That first gang is the microbe of rabies—not very well known yet. All the scientists seem to have learned about 'em is that a colony a few hundred generations old—which they call a culture, or serum—is death on the original bird; and that's what they sent in to help out. Pasteur's dead, worse luck, but some time old Koch'll find out what we've known all along—that it's only variation from type."

"Koch!" exclaimed our puzzled friend, eagerly and proudly. "Oh, I know Koch. I've met him. And I know about microscopes, too. Why, Koch had me under his microscope once. He discovered my family, and named us—the comma bacilli—the Spirilli of Asiatic Cholera."

In silent horror they drew away from him, and then conversed together. Other white warriors drifting along stopped and joined the conference; and when a hundred or more were massed before him, they spread out to a semi-spherical formation and closed in.

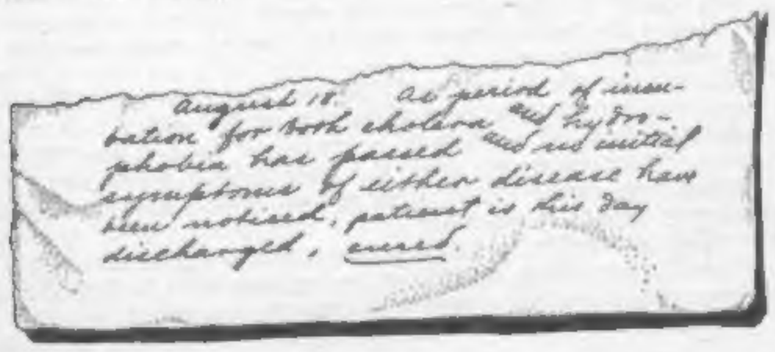
"What's the matter?" he asked nervously. "What are you going to do? I've done nothing, have I?"

"It's not what you've done, stranger," said his quondam friend, "or what we're going to do. It's what you're going to do. You're going to die. Don't see how you got past Quarantine, anyhow."

"What—why—I don't want to die. I've done nothing. All I want is peace and quiet. I mind my own affairs. Let me alone—you hear me—let me alone!"

They answered him not. Slowly and irresistibly the hollow formation contracted, until he was pushed, still protesting, into the nearest movable cave. The walls crashed together and his life went out.

And so our gentle, conservative, non-combative friend—our hero now, for he has shown heroism under stress—met this violent death, a victim to an unsympathetic environment.


august 10. a period of incubation for both cholera and hydrophobia has passed and no initial symptoms of either disease have been noticed. patient is this day discharged, cured.

The East While You Wait

My Travels and Troubles in the ORIENT

By ROBERT BARR

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Paper Number Four

AT BEYROUT the genial Turk owns the town, although he has done nothing toward making the place what it is. The principal buildings have foreign proprietors; the fine carriage road to Damascus was constructed over the mountains by a French company, another French company built the new railroad which now connects the two cities. Beyrout owes its waterworks, with an aqueduct nine miles long, to an English company.

All that the Turk does is to stand at the gates and demand tribute, and get it, too. I am told that he used to be reasonably civil in his exactions, but since the war with Greece he is badly afflicted with what is called in the West, swelled head. He seems to think that he defeated England at the same time he overcame the Greek, which belief has, perhaps, a spice of truth in it. Anyhow, he is now as arrogant as they make them.

On landing at Beyrout there was a rigid examination of passports, and those of us who wished to travel in the interior of Syria were compelled to take out a Turkish document called a teskeri, which is covered with hieroglyphics on one side, while the other side is stamped and written on by the various officials through whose hands it has to pass until it looks like a war map gone crazy.

Every time an official stamps the teskeri and bestows his lightning-struck autograph upon it there is a fee to be paid, and if you go from one place to another without letting the officials know, you are fined. At the point of departure your destination is written on the back of the document, and if you go anywhere else you get into trouble. Turkey makes no allowance for a changeable-minded traveler.

Turkey also makes no distinction between an honest man and a rogue. In fact, the favor of the officials seems rather to incline toward the latter. They have an admiration for a man who endeavors to cheat them.

Here is the pathetic story of an honest man and a rogue who left the British on which we were voyaging with the intention of going to Damascus together.

Both of these individuals smoked cigarettes, and the honest man had bought a packet in Cairo which numbered a hundred pieces. The rogue, per contra, had purchased his tobacco in two-ounce packets in London before leaving, not knowing that in Malta the same kind of tobacco could be purchased for about half the price. The rogue allows himself two ounces of fine Virginia tobacco each day, which he makes up into cigarettes; he does not care for Turkish tobacco, and invariably declines to smoke it unless compelled to.

Tobacco in Turkey is villainously dear and villainously bad, all that is worth smoking being exported; and the Turk, having the traveler within his dominions at his mercy, compels him to pay high prices and put up with an inferior class of goods.

At a Turkish port it is not a question of paying duty and getting in what tobacco you prefer, for the Turk does not allow the importation of foreign tobacco under any circumstances whatever.

The rogue, learning this, determined to smuggle in sufficient Virginia tobacco to last him to Damascus and back, with a surplus to be used in that ancient city. The honest man took with him his hundred cigarettes, but had no intention of smuggling.

When the two landed in a small boat on the quay at Beyrout on which is situated the custom-house it was raining heavily, and each was enveloped down to the heels in long waterproof coats, which assist in the concealing of tobacco stowed away in your every-day suit.

Asked by the Turkish customs official whether he had any tobacco or not, the honest man replied that he had a hundred cigarettes, whereupon he opened his handbag and produced the packet. The officer took the box of cigarettes, made a thorough search of the honest man's effects, found nothing more, and so turned to the rogue.

"Have you any tobacco?" he asked.

"No," replied the rogue; "I don't smoke."

"Any cigarettes or cigars?"

"Certainly not; I loathe tobacco."

"Take off that overcoat."

The waterproof being removed at this command, the Turk slowly walked around the man, looking over him as he did so like a critical purchaser who had some intention of buying the article and wanted to be sure he was not being cheated. Coming close in front of the knave, who had remained in one position like a marble statue, the Turk said shortly:

"Turn out this pocket," indicating the one on the right-hand side of the Norfolk jacket.

Immediate result, discovery of two two-ounce packets of Virginia tobacco.

The Turk placed them one on top of the other on a table near by.

"Now this pocket," he said; two two-ounce packets. The breast pocket; one two-ounce packet.

"Unbutton your coat"; the inside pocket; two packets.

"This trouser pocket"; one packet.

"The other trouser pocket"; one packet.

"The hip pocket"; three packets, it being considered an exceptionally safe receptacle.

"Would you like me to undress?" asked the victim.

"No," replied the Turk; "this will do, I think."

On the table was a pound and a half of the finest Virginia, and what follower of the Prophet smoked it the knave does not know, for that was the last he ever saw of this tobacco.

Being thus caught red-handed, as it were, the rogue expected a fine of at least sixty pounds. Then the just and the unjust were led into an inner room, in which sat an official evidently of higher rank than the expert individual who had so infallibly spotted every ounce of tobacco on the rascal's person. The superior official listened with frowning brow to the tale of flagrant dishonesty recited by his subordinate.

After due meditation he gave his verdict: Six medjidies each; a medjidie being a silver coin about the size of an American silver dollar, worth three shillings and fourpence.

"Allah have mercy on me and the Prophet come to my rescue!" exclaimed the honest man with quite pardonable indignation. "Am I, who at once exhibited my hundred cigarettes, to be treated the same as a rascal on whose person a concealed tobacco warehouse was discovered?"

"Precisely the same," replied the official; "you are not allowed to bring tobacco into this country."

In fact, the officer seemed to look upon the honest person as a man of no class whatever, who had not given them a run for their money. So, to the amazement of the rogue, they handed him back two packets, the covers of which they broke, making this bestowal apparently as a token of admiration for the stalwart way in which he had lied, looking him straight in the eyes as he did so, contrary to the general belief regarding a foresworn person. Thinking that perhaps it was as well to treat both alike, they offered the honest man a few dozen of his cigarettes. He sternly refused. Whereupon the Turk shrugged his shoulders and put them back in the packet again.

"This trouser pocket"; one packet.
"The other trouser pocket"; one packet.
"The hip pocket"; three packets

This true tale has two sequels, both of which contain some element of humor. The honest man, angry at his treatment, which he denounced as uncivilized—as if anything civilized was to be expected of the Turk—refused to continue his journey, and said he would not set foot again in the Turkish Empire. The rogue pointed out earnestly that if they returned to the ship they would be the laughing-stocks of the passengers for the rest of the voyage. The honest man, however, did not fear ridicule, having a clear conscience.

Thus arguing, they returned to the vessel. Luckily, all the passengers were ashore, and by this time the just anger of the honest man had somewhat cooled down. He now saw no reason for denying himself the giddy delights of Damascus merely because he had been treated unjustly by a set of Turkish officials. He therefore told the rogue that, as there was still time to get the train that evening, he was willing to proceed with the journey.

Rejoiced at this, the rogue went down to his stateroom and collected another ten packets of tobacco from his ample store. Wearing knickerbockers very baggy at the knees, the rogue put five packets in each trouser leg and walked up and down before the mirror to see if they were noticeable. He turned all his pockets inside out, took the two packets broken in his hand that had been given him by the customs, and passed again the rigid investigator, who smiled genially when he saw the linings of the pockets dangling outwards. Thus did twenty ounces of prime American tobacco, more excellent than anything they can grow in Turkey, enter that Empire unespied by the watchdog of the customs.

The second sequel came later. On returning to Beyrout the honest man made complaint regarding his treatment.

This complaint curiously enough did not go to any department of the Government, but to a private company which owns the tobacco monopoly of Turkey. The head of this company located in Beyrout treated both rogue and honest man with a courtesy that was charming.

He sent down to the wharf for the officer who had looted us, and that individual came up with terror on his countenance. The trembling man made two statements which were erroneous. First, he said the honest man had threatened to strike him, whereas it was the rogue who kindly offered to throw him into the harbor. Then he alleged that the fine had been but four medjidies each, so it at once became evident that of the twelve dollars collected, four had been stolen by some one connected with the customs. The tobacco and the cigarettes were alleged to have been forwarded to Damascus, and so they were not returned, but the four medjidies each which had come into the possession of the company were most politely given back to the honest man and the rogue alike.

It was alleged that both honest man and rogue would have some trouble in getting out of Beyrout, as the customs collect both import and export duties. This, however, proved not to be the case. The customs man for whom trouble had been made seemingly bore no resentment, and when the rogue finally bade farewell to Beyrout this official individual smiled all over his face, and held out his hand in comradeship, as if he recognized that two rogues had met, and that, all in all, the Western rogue had had somewhat the better of it.

Editor's Note—This paper is the fourth in the series, My Travels and Troubles in the Orient, which Robert Barr has written for The Saturday Evening Post.

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The Man with the Hoe

MR. EDWIN MARKHAM'S notably fine poem, The Man with the Hoe, has made a strong impression upon the public mind. It is forceful, both in substance and in style, bearing in its sonorous lines a direct and compelling appeal to a prime element of human nature—the element of revolt against Nature's apparent injustice and imperious cruelty. Curiously enough, too, the poem raises in the reader's mind the old question: Is universal education possible? and if it is, would it be justifiable? In a word, is the Man with the Hoe a blot upon mankind's record, or is he one of the fundamental necessities?

We hear a great deal of interesting talk in public and private about education as a lifting power, a regenerator, an awakener of high and noble aspirations; and at the same time we are confidently told that education is an equalizer and a promoter of universal brotherhood. But suppose we take a realistic look at the Man with the Hoe. What is he doing? Millet has painted him truly. He is a digger of the earth, a man who does the absolutely necessary task of bowing his back and breaking the clods. He stands as a type, the honest and honorable representative of those whose lot it is, and must always be, to do the hard, uninspiring and soul-banishing labors commonly regarded as menial.

The first question is: Would universal education soften the lot of the Man with the Hoe? Suppose we change Millet's picture, so that instead of the sturdy, brawny, vacant-faced peasant leaning over the hoe, we have an accomplished scholar, a man with the student's stoop and the far-away gaze of the aspiring, ambitious genius. Is this educated Man with the Hoe as happy as the one who inspired the painter and called forth the poet's rhymed protest? Gladstone could play at chopping wood in his moments of recreation; but Gladstone as a Maine lumberman would not have been so enthusiastic the year round. Ronsard liked pottering in his garden between odes and ballads, but as a Man with the Hoe, ah, that would have been different!

Universal education and universal brotherhood are not equal or similar things. Man's love for his fellow-man should have no connection with equality of knowledge, learning, culture; yet differences of employment will always and inevitably not only enforce wide differences in opportunity and capacity for acquiring education, but will banish the need and the taste for it. A Keats may be born a livery-stable boy—such a birth is no more a disgrace than to be born a lawyer's son—but education sprouts the poet's wings, and Keats flies away from the stalls, the mangers and the currycombs, to flutter through a few glorious days on Parnassus. Still, somebody must attend upon the horses.

Shall we let the stables go uncleaned, the ditches undug, the coal not mined, the potatoes not hoed? Or shall we force education with all of its disqualifying, discontent-breeding influences upon the men who must do the lowest grades of labor? We may loosely imagine labor equality, just as some of us fondly coddle the thought of brotherhood equality; but most of us would be quite lively in preferring the Presidency of the United States to working down in a coal mine or digging in a wet ditch. The difference between these spheres of labor is no greater than the difference between the men who are content to occupy them. And this word "content" means everything.

It may be that they who engender discontent in the hearts of laboring men are worse than the heartless taskmasters who wring the sweat-pennies from the honest muscle. At all events, education would seem to be a poor panacea for the so-called ills of labor inequalities, so long as labor is a prime necessity to the existence of mankind, and is in its very nature of as many grades and as unchangeable as fate. Love, brotherhood, charity, fellowship, humane liberality we can all cultivate; but we can never obliterate the Man with the Hoe until the necessity for the labor-product, of which he is the representative sign, shall cease to exist.

—MAURICE THOMPSON.

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Modern philanthropy does its best work in providing work.

♦ ♦ ♦

A Remedy for City Glare

WHEN our nation assumed the responsibility of managing its own affairs, less than three in the hundred of our people lived in cities. In the later censuses the proportion is shown to have risen above twenty in the hundred. The more moving life of the city, its abundance of cheap amusements, and its supposed facilities for making money easily draw the people from the country districts of both our own country and Europe. We have not got to the Australian condition, in which the majority of the people linger in the cities to be near the music halls and similar attractions, and cannot be bribed, even by the offer of free land, to leave them. But the question of constructing and managing cities with due regard to the best interests of the growing city population is very much upon us, and it cannot be said that we have shown our usual adaptability in solving it.

A growing evil in our modern cities is the absence of vegetable life over large areas of brick and mortar. Man is made to live in close fellowship with the plant world. Its leaf surface is required to keep the air pure, moist and cool for his respiration. Formerly this was achieved by planting trees along our city streets, and when I first knew Philadelphia her streets were not only named after the trees of the forest, but were lined with them.

In forty years there has been a constant diminution of these. Some have died and have not been replaced. Others have been either entirely cut down to suit the needs of the telegraph companies, or have been first maimed, and then allowed to die of their wounds, in that service. Many have perished from asphalt pavements depriving their roots of moisture and air. Others have been sacrificed to new grading. As a result, "the sylvan city" is rapidly losing its right to that name, and is growing hotter and more disagreeable with every summer.

The force of the sun on the pavements is no longer broken by the tree. To the direct force of his rays is added the reflection of his strength from unmasked walls on one or both sides. The cooling influence of the constant diffusion of moisture from leaf surface is lost. The absorption of carbonic oxide and the supply of oxygen from the leaf is lost to us. We are trying to live in isolation from plant life, and the result is seen in the pale, anæmic faces which abound in our streets.

A partial remedy for the loss of our trees is offered us in the ampelopsis vine, which can be grown easily and quickly on any wall surface with a minimum of supply from the soil. It would be possible to cover miles of glare-reflecting brick walls with the delicate green of this Japanese stranger in the course of a few months, and the result would be most refreshing to those who have to traverse our hot streets. Then we would have to endure only the sun's direct rays without the reflection from lines of masonry.

Then, also, a leaf surface even greater than would be furnished by a row of trees would freshen and purify the air. And as the leaves of the ampelopsis fall in autumn, the objection to ivy, that it makes the walls damp in winter, would not apply. Let us glorify our brick and mortar with verdure!

—ROBERT ELLIS THOMPSON.

♦ ♦ ♦

There never was a time in the country's history when the vote of the individual was better protected, or when it carried a larger responsibility or wielded a greater power.

♦ ♦ ♦

The Nerve and Sense of the People

THERE is not an hour in the day, or a day in the year, or a year in the century when some scared prophet of disaster is not viewing the outlook with alarm and foreseeing the doom of things. And there is no help for it. In this country of free speech and unrestricted publication it is perfectly safe to call one's own people an "assassin nation," and to print articles accusing the Government of wanton murder. It sounds very terrible, and perhaps a strictly logical expectation would be a prompt proceeding under the laws against treason, but in our day and generation anything of that kind is ridiculous. At best it would be aiding the very plans and purposes of the culprits, who, passed by fame, rush breathlessly after notoriety. There is a better and simpler punishment for all this in the patience of the people. Public contempt has no fines or imprisonments, but its sentences, generally for life, are seldom commuted.

Another phase of the case involves a kind of millennium-seeking, a looking for the end of everything that is good, and the triumph of evil and disorder. If we have a heated contest in politics, there are wails of despair from the dark corners of narrow minds. Just now the aggressions of the trusts are shattering the corner-stones of liberty, and colonial ambitions are scattering our resources, weakening our public character, and hastening us to a craze of conquest that will make the ruins of Greece and Rome mere memories of o'erleaping pride. Nor do the prophecies stop here. The race itself is going forward to its doom, not only in its food and its clothes and its habits, but in its thought and in its conscience. Utter ruin is threatened by dangers in every size and form, from bacilli to earthquakes.

In the chaos of the Civil War, James Russell Lowell wrote a private letter in which he frankly admitted his anxiety, but against it all he placed supreme confidence in "the nerve and sense of the people," pointing out how in other days of gloom and foreboding they had kept the Ship of State steady on her course and themselves faithful in the path of duty. So it is now. Even the calamity person will not deny the nerve of the American people, and although he may question their sense, he is useful as the exception that proves the rule.

The nerve has been shown on many a battle-field, the sense in many a crisis, and both in the unrecorded events which make up the daily life and mould the character of the nation. By these the past was made, in them the present is safe, and because of them the future is secure.

—LYNN ROBY MEEKINS.

♦ ♦ ♦

Politics will reach the ideal when the offices get more out of the men than the men get out of the offices.

♦ ♦ ♦

The Future of Spain

"TAWNY Spain lost in the world's debate," said Shakespeare. It was almost a prophecy. To-day when this unhappy land is stripped of her possessions—her old pride fallen away—and saddened by defeat, she is perhaps more worthy of thoughtful consideration than at any time since her decay began. At last there is hope for her. Her very colonies made her archaic.

You may tell the genius of a people by the words that pass over into other languages. Thus English words, like tramway, rails, wagons, have been adopted into all European languages. Do they not express the "go-ahead" quality of Englishmen? Italy supplies the world with musical terms. France provides cultured nations with words for all the pretty elegancies of life—the toilet, the salon, the boudoir—as formerly it gave the world its fighting phrases.

Did you ever think of applying this linguistic law to Spain? What words has she given the nations? A few sounding phrases from the bull-fight; a few synonyms for conquest. Conquestador—the man on conquest bent—and hidalgo. The very ideas they express are archaic. Spain has lived in the past—awaiting fabulous galleons bearing gold and spices from Peru and the Indies. Will this defeat teach her that the old hopes and ideals are dead? That she must go down into the world's debate and chaffer for her own? That she must face the new conditions of economic rivalry?

There are many signs that Spain has learned this lesson of defeat. The manly words of the Duke d'Arcos, the Spanish Minister to the United States, "Spain has forgotten the past and looks to the future," are significant of the new spirit that is awake in the old hidalgic land of chivalry. English and German capital is pouring into the industrial provinces—Barcelona and Bilbao, Cadiz and Xeres; the mines of Oviedo and of Rio Tinto are humming with industry. All this is new and finely suggestive of a new Spain. One of two things must happen: Spain must meet the world in the industrial battle-field or degenerate into the Morocco of Europe. Don Quixote rides no more; the world belongs to Sancho Panza—the Man with the Hoe.

In this new warfare every American will wish Spain well. Love for one's country need not exclude a "passion for the planet," nor the brotherhood of race that larger kinship of humanity.

The future of Spain? I think it was never brighter. She has but to forget the old song, creaked to her by the windmills of La Mancha, in the new music of steam-winch and the whirring wheels of trade.

—VANCE THOMPSON.

♦ ♦ ♦

It is well for the merchant who knowingly sells adulterated goods that dollars and cents have more to do with his credit than public sentiment.

♦ ♦ ♦

Children that Make Good Citizens

AMERICAN children, we are told, are the worst brought up of any upon earth, the most ill-trained, insubordinate, unruly. Perhaps this might be disputed, even disproved; but for the present, and for the sake of a certain argument involved, let us grant the supposition.

It is not always easy to separate coincidence from consequence in these matters, but there are some distinguishing features in American life which bear close relation to our lighter hand in child-training.

First and most prominent this: that whereas our children are notoriously self-willed and impatient of restriction, our people when grown are as notoriously patient and long-suffering. The meek and subdued child of other races, prohibited from free action of his own, compelled always to obey and submit, cherishes a vast reactionary force which flames out now and then in riot and revolution. Human nature has both expansive and explosive energy: expansive if you leave it open, explosive if you keep it shut.

The American child is left far more open to the natural expression of the forces within him, and in freedom he learns freedom's essential lesson of self-restraint. Being controlled by others does not teach one how to control one's self, and the steady self-control of the American character is largely traceable to the comparative lack of repression in childhood. Another advantage of this freer training is in the amount of experience gained early and at first hand.

It is this which develops individuality, and that wide range of adaptability which is so distinguishing a national characteristic. Out of many experiments, tried with varying success, come both faith in one's powers and knowledge of one's limitations, and the versatile ability and cheerful confidence of the typical American, together with his quiet underlying common sense, are born of those early years when he was free to do things for himself and learn by it.

The American child may seem to Old-World eyes rebellious and irreverent, a scorner of authority, but the American citizen so made is law-abiding and well-behaved. He may be less submissive to parents as a child, but he is proverbially more submissive to his family as an adult. What he loses in reverence he makes up in affection. The character that is formed in freedom by individual experience is the most genuine, the most varied, the most widely productive; it respects law much, but liberty more; it is both root and fruit of true Democracy.

—CHARLOTTE PERKINS STETSON.

♦ ♦ ♦

The woman who remains young is angel enough for this world.

♦ ♦ ♦

Should Women Propose?

THE recent revival in the newspapers of the question, "Should Women Propose?" indicates a diminution of interest in the late war, a satisfactory condition of the currency, and a return to that easy prosperity which tempts us to revel in the abstract. That the discussion has a more positive significance is scarcely to be believed.

There is no law to prevent a woman from proposing, and if there were a law to compel her to propose she would doubtless find some way to evade it. Considered socially, it is a question which every woman must answer for herself.

In these democratic days the formal proposal is more a memory than a custom. The man who startles a woman with such a declaration of love is probably almost as rare—and unsuccessful—as the one who considers it necessary to deliver his impassioned plea in the attitude of kneeling.

Of course, the all-important question must be put in words, but as these matters are now arranged there are a hundred glances of the eye, a hundred pressures of the hand, a multitude of tender signs by which that question has been asked and answered long before the words are uttered; and in this rapid fire of preliminary courtship the woman not infrequently leads in the attack, albeit with guns so masked and powder so smokeless that the devoted enemy is scarcely aware of the bombardment until he sees his white flag fluttering in the breeze.

It is assuredly a higher privilege to bestow than to entreat, and less humiliating to withhold than to be refused. Man's vaunted freedom is simply a choice of sovereigns; it is woman's privilege to utter the final, fateful word, and to select from among her subjects the one upon whom to confer the royalty of her affections.

That abdication is not power is a lesson which, it is to be feared, the restless women of the century will be forced to learn in matters far more serious than the impossible and idle project of changing the method of proposal.

—FRED NYE.

It is not often that English people see a Duchess in a stage-fright. Duchesses as a class are not remarkable for their lack of self-confidence, and as a rule the proceedings in which aristocratic ladies play a leading part are notoriously cut-and dry. English girls who marry noblemen are mostly to the manner born, for even if they be "commoners" they are sure to be "commoners" of position in the habit of mixing in the smartest society, and therefore from their upbringing they understand what is required of them when they become "My Lady," Countess or Duchess.

It is when a stranger to the customs of the country comes upon the scene that the unexpected, that salt of life, happens. At the opening of the municipal buildings at Oxford the unexpected happened with a vengeance when the Duchess of Marlborough, well known to Americans as Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt, was seized with a most painful fit of stage-fright, a stage fright that caused her to clutch at the skirts of Lady Jersey and gaze anxiously about her in search of some corner in which she could hide.

Down Oxford way the earth and the fullness thereof is the Duke of Marlborough's. The Duke himself is not a man of striking ability. His chief public appearance each year is made at the gathering of haughty dames who constitute the controlling power of the Primrose League, to whom His Grace does his best to make a speaker. This Primrose League, a ladies' auxiliary to the Tory party, is, by the way, the creation of another American lady of English title, Lady Randolph Churchill.

The Duke of Marlborough is a keen stickler for etiquette when he is in his native county of Oxfordshire; so keen, indeed, that his agent has written to gentlemen expected to visit Blenheim House for the purposes of historical research, telling them not to fail to appear at the lodge gates in silk hats, as otherwise permission to enter would be refused. The Duke is of the silk hat calibre of intellect; but intellect or no, he is the most important man in that world-famous centre of learning. Naturally the Duchess is the outstanding lady, and expected to take her place as such, and to carry herself as a Duchess should.

The Prince of Wales had come down to Oxford to declare the splendid building open. When one sees a town take possession of the Prince of Wales it recalls the ancient story of the washerwoman at the tub shouting to her son at his tea: "I see you, Tommy, a-layin' inter that best butter as if it was dirt." English towns, when they catch the Prince, lay into him, and exploit him in the most barefaced way imaginable. Those are the grand opportunities for the local great men, the mayor, town clerk, aldermen, clergymen, and such like to shine, and to show the common folk, their electors, what important people the local great ones really are and how familiarly they mix with the Prince of Wales and his set. Every one reads an address, long-winded and insipid, and the poor Prince stands docile and smiling, and actually manages to make most people believe that he enjoys it.

At Oxford, the Prince's right-hand man was, of course, the Duke of Marlborough. The municipal buildings were packed with people all eager to see the Prince, who once on a time was a student at Christ's Church. But the Prince was not the only attraction. Every one was eager to see the American girl who had crossed the ocean to reign as Duchess at Blenheim House, and who was making, to all intents and purposes, her first appearance in public.

Presently the drone of the town clerk's voice ceased; he had reached the end of a tedious address; the Prince of Wales made his reply, shook hands with and congratulated the architect, and, glad to escape, escaped. After him went the Duke of Marlborough and the lesser lights of the "nobility and gentry." Not until the last of the Royal party got well out-of-doors was any one expected to move. The next turn to leave fell to the lot of the ladies of consequence, who all sat in a group on seats close to the platform. There was a slight rustle of silken dresses, but moments slipped past and not a high-born dame got upon her feet. The great audience waited. A ghastly silence fell upon the assemblage—such a silence as is only met with where a multitude breathlessly awaits the fulfillment of one desire.

This time the one desire was for a fair and square sight of the face and figure of Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt that had been and the grand Duchess of Marlborough that was. Precedence demanded that Her Grace must be the first to stand up, that she must lead the select body of ladies, and not only lead them all, but go out well ahead of the rest. That meant a solitary walk down a long aisle between massed people, every eye meanwhile fixed upon her. She had glanced down that awful passage that reached from platform to door, she had heard the silence fall, she felt the horrible electricity of eager curiosity in the air, she took panic, and she refused to budge.

The people were quick to realize what was taking place. No one could well escape the little comic tragedy. The girlish Duchess sat there in the panic of stage-fright, and no one could induce her to move. She sat with hands clenched, eyes slightly dilated, and a hunted look in her pale face. Lady Jersey, a matronly, kindly soul, sat beside the panic-stricken Duchess, unobtrusively trying her best to calm her and get her to face the ordeal. The people, although they could not actually hear the words, understood every word that was being spoken. Lady Jersey said something like this:

"Never mind the people, my dear. Don't look at them, but just march out as though there were none to see. You must do it, you know. It has to be done, my dear." The poor Duchess all this time was panting, "I can't, I really can't." Lady Jersey quietly took the bride's hand and pressed it. The people all looked on. The situation had given an entirely new interest to the meeting.

The people waited. It is to be feared that under the circumstances they did not consider it a hardship to wait. Lady Jersey became more brusque, and said words likely to cause the young Duchess to pull herself together. At length the Duchess, by a hysterical sort of effort, shot to her feet, half faced around, was seized with the fright again, and, throwing her left hand behind her, violently clutched the skirt of Lady Jersey, as though to assure herself that she was not left entirely unprotected in the midst of the gazing multitude. Lady Jersey diplomatically gave the fright-stricken Duchess a gentle push, just enough to force her to let go the skirt and to make a step forward.

That one step did it. The young American was off down the aisle at a pace seldom set by Duchesses when the general public are looking on. There was now no need for the ladies whose duty it was to follow to beware of not coming too near Her Grace's heels; the difficulty that confronted them was how to keep Her Grace in sight. When the noble dames swept out of the hall there arose an audible murmur, a murmur partly of merriment but mostly of sympathy for the girl. That she could not take on her the cool disregard for the gazes of the onlooker which those who are used to pride of place appealed strongly to the sympathetic crowd.

When on the subject of awkward situations it will be as well to tell of one that arose when the Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by Prince and Princess Charles, of Denmark, journeyed to Canterbury to open the old Chapter House. The Chapter House had been restored at great expense, and some of the money for the purpose had yet to be found. So it was announced that the Princess of Wales would receive purses, each purse to contain not less than a given sum. This shrewd ceremony permits a great number of children generally to march up to the Princess of Wales, hand over the purse, receive her thanks and back out, and at the same time "rakes in the shekels" for some good object. It is usual for the purses to be given to the children to hand in.

When the time to receive purses arrived, the Princess of Wales took her stand behind a small table on the platform, the Prince of Wales, Prince Charles, of Denmark, and other Royalties lined up to witness the gathering in of purses, and the procession started. The children, to be sure, had rehearsed the scene; they mounted three steps to the platform, advanced to the table, handed over their purses, bowed low to the Princess and then to the others, and quickly backing across the stage, tripped down the steps at the side of the platform opposite to that where they made their entry.

The first children did their part in good style and most expeditiously, the girls dropping their genuflections with natural grace and backing out with a snap, for this sort of thing comes natural to womankind. The boys were more shy and awkward, nor did they like the ceremony a little bit. But the pile of purses before the Princess grew and the procession of little persons continued. Presently there was placed upon the platform a little fellow of open, fair face, white hair, and dressed in white. He was fat and complacent, and one could see far from quick witted. He was, maybe, five or six years old. He stuck at the very threshold of his duties. Standing there with his mouth a little open, his saucer-eyes gazing up into the face of the Princess, he made no move to step forward and hand in the white satin purse he clutched in his little fist.

The Princess smiled and nodded encouragement and held out her hand for the money. The boy clumsily shifted the purse into his left hand and placed his chubby right in the Princess' and shook hands. Every one grinned. The Princess after the handshaking then held her hand invitingly close to the boy's left, that clutched the purse. The boy carefully shifted the purse to the right and began to shake hands with his left. The Prince of Wales had been doing his best to keep from bursting into a laugh, but this floored him. Every one laughed heartily. The Princess could not, of course, snatch the purse from the little fellow, and he would not give it up, although she whisperingly asked for it. Meanwhile the procession had come to a standstill.

The uncontrolled merriment of the Prince of Wales attracted the attention of the unperturbed little fellow, who toddled over to His Royal Highness and held out his little hand. The Prince shook it heartily, patted him on the head, and passed him on to Denmark's Prince—who, by the way, would like to cut adrift from the Danish throne and enter the British Navy, but is not allowed. So the boy shook hands all along the line. The gathering, which had previously been rather formal, was now quite free and easy, every one enjoying the change the little chip of human nature had made. But when the boy, having finished his handshaking, quietly walked back to the Prince of Wales and jammed himself in the line between England and Denmark, forcing both their Highnesses to crowd over and make room, the manager of the function could stand it no longer. He darted for the speck of white, and, fishing him out, haled him off the platform and restarted the purse procession.

—ANGUS EVAN ABBOTT.

WHEN THE MOST IS SAID

By MADELINE BRIDGES

WHAT'S love, when the most is said? The flash of the lightning fleet,
Then darkness that shrouds the soul—but the earth is firm to my feet,
The rocks and the tide endure, the grasses and herbs return,
The path to my foot is sure, and the sods to my bosom yearn.

What's fame, when the truth is told? A shout to a distant hill
The crags may echo a while, but fainter and fainter still;
Yet forever the wind blows wide, the sweetness of all the skies,
The rain cries and the snow flies, and the storm in its bosom lies.

What's life, what's life, little heart? A dream when the nights are long
Toil in the waking days—tears, and a kiss, a song:
What's life? what's life, little heart? To beat, and be glad of breath,
While death waits on either side, before and behind us, Death!

The evil of our judicial system is that individuals hiring lawyers to defend them or to advocate their cause, the rich man has an undoubted advantage over the poor man. If criminally prosecuted, he can often partly or wholly clear himself thus mitigating if not avoiding punishment; in a civil case he may gain his point—the simple equity would decide against him, in either case he can prolong the battle and delay the ends of justice, which I look upon as an evil in itself. The remedy I suggested was that lawyers, as many as may be needed, be employed at stated salaries by the community or town to give their services without further cost to any who might need them. The offering or taking of individual fees would then be bribery.

This, you say, would not change human nature nor eliminate chances of corruption, trickery, intrigue, or twisting and distorting evidence. True, no human laws can change human nature, but do not the lawmakers always seek to influence this nature, either by removing temptations to wrongdoing or by providing punishment therefor, or even by directly holding out inducements to right action? My plan would take away the lawyer's financial interest in his case, thus removing what every one will consider the strongest incentive to sharp if not dishonest practice. I would proceed upon the same principle that has been followed in the case of officials, for instance, whose former fees, paid by individuals, have been changed to fixed salaries, paid by the town, as well as with the town physicians, which our small city has tried.

The town physician's work, you say, is not one of competition in regard to saving or killing a patient. Of course not, but what does that signify in this matter? The lawyer's work, in a criminal case, is to prosecute or defend; in a civil case, while he is striving to gain his client's cause, it partakes more or less of both prosecution and defense. The community even now pays the prosecuting attorney a stated salary, why may it not do the same for the defendant's counsel? It does so indirectly, when, as frequently happens, the costs of the suit are thrown on the county; but why should a man ever be obliged to clear himself of a criminal charge at his own expense?

The complete elimination of trickery and abuse no doubt is unattainable by any plan. Besides, were it possible to pick out lawyers absolutely incorruptible, perfectly proof against all persuasions of money, there would hardly be need of any reform, and the present judicial system might be left unchanged, as no doubt it will be for a long time to come. Or rather, I believe we would then be prepared for a much more radical reform—submitting all cases in law and equity, not to a jury supposed to be quite ignorant of the matter to be taken up, and therefore entirely unbiased but to a tribunal of men learned in [illegible] by the community, who would meet, not to work [illegible] for conviction or acquittal for plaintiff or defendant, but sift the matter to the bottom, weigh all the evidence carefully, and then render a just and impartial verdict.

Ambler, Pennsylvania. H. A. J.

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

I want to thank you for publishing the article from Dr. George F. Bode entitled The Moral Value of Muscle.

There are three things inseparable and equally important in the scheme of human redemption as undertaken by Jesus Christ—salvation of the soul from sin, the body from sickness, and society from evils, and nothing short of this comprehensive salvation will ever redeem the soul.

The different phases of this plan have been emphasized—some have striven to save the soul from sin, others the body from disease and weakness, others society from the evils which affect it, but how few have understood that it requires a combination of the three to constitute a complete salvation!

Marlborough, Ohio. F. M. CUMMINGS.

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

Thomas W. Higginson considers the sentiment of Kipling's White Man's Burden as abhorrent to those who still represent the principles that abolished slavery. The thought of Kipling is that we must interfere when a race proves itself unable to rise in the scale of civilization, and by the exercise of military power suppress anarchy and misrule while allowing the true principles of government to take root and grow. The only alternative is to stand by and see cruelty, bloodshed, barbarism inflicted by native rule for generations, as in Morocco or India before the English occupation. Cannot the opponents of our governmental policy see what is so plain to others that this principle does not involve in these days a return to slavery of the individual, but rather a larger measure of freedom than he has heretofore enjoyed?

Lawrence, Massachusetts. [illegible]

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

In his article, Small Farming a Refuge from Poverty, Mr. John Habberton presents in suggestive form some pertinent facts relating to the cultivation of the soil. I am led to ask why it is that farming as an occupation, or even the cultivation of the soil in a small way and as a secondary consideration, is so manifestly neglected? Why is it that the possibilities of the soil are not more generally recognized in our country? The drift seems ever toward the cities; the tendency is to pass by the very occupation upon which life depends, and the only one in which the means of existence are gotten at first hand.

Is not this neglect of the soil, in part, due to education, or rather to the want of education along the line of the subject in hand? If the fundamental principles in agriculture were taught in our schools in an interesting and practical way, would it not be a step in the right direction? The need of some such instruction is, I think, apparent, especially so in the rural districts. Again, is there not prevalent in our country a sentiment—or call it what you will—that the country is a "pokey" place to live in, that farming is a menial occupation adapted to those of mediocre abilities? The press is certainly, wittingly or unwittingly, an exponent of this idea.

Witness the cartoons the country over in which the farmer plays a rôle. His name is "hayseed," he is uncouth in his appearance and in dress he speaks in a drawl, supposedly rural in its composition and in the thought it expresses. In fact, the newspaper type of a farmer is as easily recognizable as is that of "Uncle Sam." In the made-to-order jokes or witticisms of the press the same disposition seems manifest to ridicule the farmer and his occupation.

GEORGE G. MCLEAN.

[There are differences of opinion as to the wisdom of loading down the public school curriculum with special studies, and the tendency seems to be toward greater simplicity and more thoroughness, to training the scholars so that they may know how to study, and not to crowd them with a lot of things which they could not hope to learn in a few school terms. The ridicule seems to be firmly fixed in current literature, but it is mainly harmless. It does not detract from the dignity and genuine standing of the farmer, who is, after all, about the most independent sovereign in our population. He may not reach dangerous affluence, but he generally lives well and develops those fine traits of character and appreciation which make up about all that is worth living for. Pity for the farmer is in most cases misplaced, and he could easily turn the tables if he chose.]

LORD ARCHIE

By

Elizabeth Phipps Train

"YOU remember Hargreaves, Lord Archie?"

Nannie Horton was in the act of helping herself to a *relevé* which the butler was passing. She paused with the silver servers suspended in her hands, and looked affectionately up into the face of the old man who had been her brother's faithful servant for eight years or more—ever since she was a mere child, in truth. Then she glanced across the intervening *plat* at Lord Archibald Gowing as if suggesting that, under such exceptional circumstances, it would be eminently fit and proper for him to transgress the ordinary formalism of a ceremonious dinner and speak a pleasant word of recognition to the old serving man.

She was surprised, after what Hargreaves had told her that morning, to see the face of the young Englishman stiffen suddenly, as if she had reminded him of an unpleasant memory. He failed to respond to her suggestion, but replied to her words, addressing himself, however, rather to his wine glass than to her.

Naturally, Miss Horton," he said in a cold, distant voice, "since he was my father's butler for nearly twenty years.

The girl's face flushed. She replaced the servers, and looked up with sweet, deprecating kindliness into the man's face above her shoulder. She was pained and indignant when she perceived its agitation. She was also filled with compunction that she had been the cause of this *contretemps* and thought how stupidly British it was of Lord Archie to allow mere conventionality to stand in the way of his speaking a kindly word of greeting to this old family servant. She was a very good hearted little girl, for all that she was an ambitious heiress seeking an alliance with the honorable house of Annable, and she was altogether too American to be able to regard servants as mere domestic abstractions. But she was discreet enough to drop the subject until after Hargreaves had passed out of hearing. Then, being a woman, she recurred to it in the very midst of an irrelevant remark which her companion was making.

■

"You can't think, Lord Archie, how excited Hargreaves was at the idea of seeing you again," she observed with charmingly feminine indifference to the obvious inference that the man she addressed felt little interest in her subject. It interested her, and that was sufficient. You see, she was a rather spoiled young person.

A shadow darkened Lord Archibald's eyes.

Ah, really!" said he, with a total lack of cordiality in his tone. He finished the morsel of the *entrée* which yet remained upon his plate, then laid down his fork and turned to her. The expression of his face and its suffusion of color led her to conclude that she had made a mistake in believing that the habit of formality had been responsible for his neglect to notice the butler.

"Miss Horton," he said frankly though with unmistakable reluctance and embarrassment, "it has put me in a regular blue funk, meeting old Hargreaves here." His eyes drew together in a way she had only noticed once or twice before in all the time she had known him. She wished he wouldn't do it. It gave her an uncomfortable sensation, as if she were under inquisition. Besides, it didn't improve his countenance at all.

Did your brother tell you what happened when I arrived this afternoon?" he asked with an awkward laugh.

She shook her pretty head.

"No," she replied. "I have scarcely spoken to Bob since he came home. What was it?"

■

His smile seemed a little more sincere. She would have said he looked relieved, if she had known what he had to be relieved about. He shook his head.

"I can't tell you now, with Hargreaves popping up at our elbows every other minute. If you will give me a few moments after dinner I'll tell you the whole story. It's a rather long one."

She looked at him wonderingly.

"There's nothing wrong about dear old Hargreaves, surely, Lord Archie?" she asked. "Your voice sounds serious."

She was studying his face intently, and although her mind was engrossed with the subject under discussion, more intimate concerns sharpened her observation to the point of discovering for the first time certain hard lines about her all but acknowledged suitor's mouth, which seemed to indicate that under special stress he might be hard and relentless to the degree of cruelty. His face was usually a not unamiable one, although of the type which conceals rather than discloses emotions, and as he was genuinely in love with her it was natural that she should have seen it hitherto under its most favorable aspect. Its expression was not precisely reassuring now, as he answered her question somewhat evasively.

■

"Wrong!" he repeated. "Well, not criminally, if that is what you mean, Miss Horton. But I certainly cannot say the old boy's all right."

The girl swayed a little away from him, bending her slender young form, which was as pliant as a willow rod from much out-of-door exercise, in order to peer around the tall silver vase of long stemmed roses which adorned the centre of the big, round table. She was trying to search Hargreaves' features, who was serving her *vis-à-vis*, in order to see if they would reveal any key to this enigma; but her glance fell short of the servant and caught that of a young man who had apparently been holding a brief colloquy with the old butler. A faint tinge of color crept into her cheeks as she nodded to him, which deepened into a violent blush as she turned again to Lord Archibald and surprised the look in his keen, gray eyes. It almost frightened and repelled her, it was so passionate and determined. But she had all the *aplomb* of the true American nineteenth century demoiselle, and recovering herself almost immediately, introduced a new topic lightly, while her lover's expression underwent conventional modification.

The incident had taken place on the initial evening of a house party which Mr. and Mrs. Robert Horton were giving at Beau Site, their beautiful country-place on Long Island Sound. The month was June, and the night was almost as hot as July. The long windows of the dining-room were wide open, and through the fine wire screens delicious odors from the rose gardens at the south of the house stole in, accompanying the ghostly rays of moonlight, which lay in the warmer glow of the myriad candles like spectral lances fallen across the floor.

There were fourteen persons gathered about the huge, exquisitely appointed circular table, seven women of highest fashion and degree, in brave attire, and a corresponding number of men, each of whom represented some considerable distinction in person, fortune or professional attainment. There were unusually exciting conditions distinguishing this particular invitation, and the interest of all whom Mrs. Horton had honored converged and focussed toward one issue—the probable consummation of Lord Archibald Gowing's attentions to the most popular girl, as well as one of the richest prospective heiresses, in New York society. It was believed that the announcement of the most interesting event that should mark the marriage calendar of the season would be forthcoming during this visit.

■

"Do you know, I honestly believe the man's in love with her," Issy Ascot was saying to the young fellow who had taken her in to dinner. "Don't you like oyster crabs *à la marengo*, Mr. Danielson? I notice that you've only been playing with yours. And these are so good."

She looked rather wickedly into her neighbor's face. It was a handsome face, and a good one; frank, honest, sincere. But it was undisguisedly miserable now. She knew what the trouble was, and repented the impulse to tease him, being good natured, and having no worse grudge against him than that he had been obstinately difficult when she had tried to annex him, a musical genius, to her following.

"Don't take it so to heart," she murmured kindly, touching his arm lightly (she was years older than the lad, with sons of her own, safely bestowed at school, not so very much younger than he). "Eat your oyster crabs. There's ever so much more satisfaction to be got out of them than out of gnawing your heartstrings."

He turned upon her two wistful blue eyes, which were yet angry. He was of the artistic temperament, not good at concealing his emotions.

If I only liked the fellow better!" he almost groaned beneath his breath. "What business have these fortune-hunting Englishmen to come over here hunting our girls as they go to India to hunt their big game? Who knows anything about them, anyway? What does Bob Horton know, for instance, about this Lord Archibald Gowing, who calls himself the son of the Marquis of Annable? How do we know whether he is actually what he represents——Here, what in thunder are you doing there? Oh, is it you, Hargreaves? I thought it was some beastly footman trying to spoil my dress coat. I'm sorry I spoke so."

"Beg pardon, Mr. Danielson," apologized the butler in a not very steady voice. "I was a bit clumsy, sir, but I think there's no harm done, sir."

"That's all right, Hargreaves. Don't mention it." Hobart Danielson looked at the old man curiously, and as the servant moved on remarked to Mrs. Ascot that he was afraid old Hargreaves was breaking up. "He looks awfully seedy," he said. And just then a bright light seemed to flood the room, for Nannie looked across and smiled on him.

■

It was quite the most natural thing in the world, when the move from the dining-room was finally made, that the guests should gravitate toward the wide-stepped stretches of green sward that the Hortons called the terrace. Some one laid hold of Danielson and got him to the piano, which stood close to the long French windows that gave upon the wide veranda. He knew that Nannie was not for him, and he might as well sing as do anything else. It was far easier than trying to make conversation with a lot of indifferent women. He hadn't eaten enough to interfere with his voice.

Lord Archibald's attentions to Nannie Horton had reached that point when it was expected that the two should disappear at intervals from general society. So that when presently it was noted that neither the man nor the girl was to be found among any of the groups an indulgent smile went around.

"I should like to tell you now about Hargreaves, if we can get away from the rest," Lord Archie had said, singling the girl out from among a miscellaneous circle. "Don't I smell roses somewhere? Won't you show them to me, Miss Horton?"

■

The rose garden lay close by, and the girl led him thither. Danielson's rich tones accompanied them on their way. Nannie wished he'd stop singing. His voice tortured and troubled her to-night. She felt less inclination toward the British aristocracy with those passionate, appealing tones ringing in her ears.

As they entered the charming jasmine-bordered quadrangle which was given over to the culture of roses, she picked a great pink blush rose and raised it to her face. Its perfume was rich and sweet, but a thorn pricked her finger mercilessly. Pain and pleasure seemed to her to be curiously mingled on this night.

There was a rustic bench in the garden, and Lord Archibald directed their steps toward it. The girl paused a moment before sitting down, and stood with the rose still crushed against her lips, looking away from him in the direction of the house. She was always a pretty girl, but she looked uncommonly lovely as she stood there in her filmy summer dinner gown, the moonlight falling about her, with the rose at her lips. A passionate light came into Lord Archie's face; he made a sudden movement toward her.

"Miss 'Orton," he began impetuously. One could see that he had lost command of himself.

She turned her head with a quick movement and looked up at him in a swift, surprised way. Then she gave a little laugh.

"Why, how odd!" she exclaimed, interrupting him ruthlessly. "You didn't sound a bit like yourself, Lord Archie. You said my name just as Hargreaves does. How funny! Do you know, I almost think you dropped the H?"

■

A couple of hours later the great house lay hushed and still. The women had gone to their various chambers, the men had forsaken the smoking-room, the servants had locked up their several departments and retired for the night. But Hargreaves still remained below in the wide hall, pacing up and down with uneven, irregular footsteps, as if the mind that directed his movements were uncertain and distracted. If Hobart Danielson had come upon him now he might have had sufficient cause to think the old man looked "seedy."

Bob Horton was undressing in his dressing-room; his wife had long since completed her night toilette and was sitting wrapped in a *peignoir* in the adjoining chamber. A conjugal duet was in progress between the rooms.

"I didn't tell you about the absurdly awkward mistake Hargreaves made this afternoon, did I, Allie?" Horton jerked out as he pulled off his boots.

"No," came from Mrs. Horton. "Oh, by the way, Robert——"

A chuckle from the dressing-room cut her off.

"It was beastly embarrassing for us all, I can tell you," went on the masculine voice. "You see, I had that grip with your jewels from the Safety Deposit in it, and when we got out of the wagonette Gowing good naturedly laid hold of it to bring it in for me. Hargreaves opens the door and sees My Lord with the grip in his hand, mistakes him for a valet, and freezes with insulted majesty. You never saw such a look as came into the old boy's face. 'The servants' entrance is round in the left wing, young man,' says he. 'You'll find some one to attend to you there.'

■

"I must say Gowing took it mighty well, after the first shock. He did look hot and rattled at first, I confess; but after that he wouldn't listen to any apologies, but just laughed it off, very good naturedly."

"Oh!" cried Mrs. Horton, in a voice of acute distress. "Oh, how dreadful!" Then her tone suddenly changed to one of downright bewilderment. "But, Robert—but, Robert——" she stammered.

Horton came to the door with his braces hanging down and a liberal expanse of shirt showing above the waist.

"What is it, old girl?" he asked.

She regarded him in stupefied amazement.

"Why, the strangest thing——" she began. "Hark! What's that?" Horton retreated to his dressing-room.

"A knock. Probably your maid come back for something," said he. Mrs. Horton rose and opened the door.

"Why, it's Nannie!" she cried, and laid hold of the girl impulsively. "Oh, Nan, have you come to tell us? Has he—have you—— Oh, darling, I'm perfectly delighted. Robert—Bob—come here. It's Nannie."

But the girl failed to respond to her tenderness. Laughing, she pushed her sister-in-law away derisively.

"No, I haven't, he hasn't, we, you nor they haven't—at least, not to my knowledge," said she. "I've come on quite another errand, Allie, though I know it's awfully late." She came into the room and dropped into a chair.

"I simply couldn't go to sleep without telling you about Hargreaves," she continued. She turned to her brother. "Has Alice told you that he used to be Lord Annable's butler?" she asked.

"What?" cried Horton, as if his ears deceived him.

"I was just going to tell you when Nannie knocked," remarked his wife.

"Why, that's nonsense," returned Horton. "The old

"You remember Hargreaves, Lord Archie?"

man didn't know Gowing in the least, I tell you, this afternoon. Took him for a valet, Nancy."

The girl nodded.

"Yes, that was what Lord Archie said," she replied. "It's a very queer story, Bob. I don't know what to believe."

She sat for a moment in silence, gravely contemplating the carpet. Mrs. Horton had resumed her seat and was looking expectantly at her sister-in-law; Horton was leaning against the long cheval glass, likewise regarding the young girl. Presently Nannie looked up.

"Bob," said she, her face all a-pucker with confusion of ideas, "have you ever had occasion to think that there was anything out about Hargreaves?"

"Out?" reiterated her brother. "How out, Nancy? What do you mean?"

"Out of his mind, I mean; off his balance, you know; deranged, deluded, queer."

Mr. and Mrs. Horton laughed in unison scornfully.

"Well, that is a good one!" ejaculated the man. "That steady old hack off his head! Nonsense!"

Again the girl nodded.

"That's what I say, Bob. That's just what I think, and yet——" She drew herself forward in her chair, leaning slightly toward her brother and fixing her eyes keenly and intently upon his face as she spoke—"Lord Archie says that he is a monomaniac," she concluded gravely.

Again Mr. and Mrs. Horton emitted simultaneously a scoffing laugh.

"A monomaniac!" they both exclaimed in amusement, as if the idea were some humorous fancy. But the girl's countenance did not lighten.

"Yes," she said seriously. "It isn't a joke; listen. In the first place, as you do not know, I ought to tell you what happened this morning, Bob. Allie has already heard it. It's a sort of preface to Lord Archie's tale. I was arranging the flowers as usual in the hall when the mail came in. Hargreaves unlocked the bag and began to sort the letters, I standing beside him, looking over his shoulder for my own. All of a sudden his fingers began to shake, and he stopped short and stood staring at an envelope he held. 'What's the matter, Hargreaves? Why don't you go on?' I asked impatiently. He held the letter out to me, and I saw it was addressed to Lord Archibald, forwarded by his bankers. 'Well, what of it?' said I. 'Is His Lordship coming down here, miss?' he asked, his voice all shaky and queer. I said yes, and asked him if he knew anything about Lord Archie. He looked as if he were going to cry. 'I was for twenty years butler to My Lord, the Marquis,' said he. 'From the day he was born I loved the lad like my own.' Think of that, Bob! And we never knew a word about it!"

"It's confounded queer!" exclaimed her brother. "I don't think I like the looks of it."

"To have neglected to use such a reference!" interposed his wife with emphasis.

"But, after all, the most singular part of it all was the strange way in which Hargreaves acted. He seemed greatly moved at the prospect of seeing Lord Archie, and yet sort of embarrassed and shamefaced about it, too. I couldn't in the least understand it then, but now, if I could only reconcile myself to the idea of Hargreaves being in any degree unbalanced, it would seem to be explained by what Lord Archie told me. I must confess that I thought the old man's manner was very suspicious, especially when I expressed my surprise that he should have left Lord Annable after such a long term of service. I said something about supposing he was influenced by the thought of the larger wages to be gained in America. Whereupon he grew fiery red in the face, and said he had not left His Lordship because he was discontented with his 'wage,' as he called it. He did not vouchsafe any explanation, and though I was dying to ask what the mystery was, you know there is a sort of stand-offishness about Hargreaves that makes it impossible to take liberties with him.

"After luncheon he came to me with a little old-fashioned photograph of a small boy on a pony, taken in front of a magnificent old Queen Anne mansion. He, Hargreaves, was standing by the stirrup, and a young groom held the animal's head. He said with a great deal of feeling that the little cavalier was his young master, and asked if I could see the likeness. I couldn't, and said so, but you know those childish pictures seldom look like the original grown to manhood. But I made an awful break——" she gave a little laugh—"I never supposed that he'd be so sensitive about people whose service he had chosen to leave."

"If he did choose," interposed Mrs. Horton significantly.

"Oh, yes, he did," Nannie affirmed. "Even Lord Archibald admitted that. But he froze up like an icicle when I said jokingly that I thought the small groom looked more like Lord Archie than the young lad on horseback did. It was so silly of him. To be so touchy about those old Annables! Well, at dinner I thought I'd be very considerate and do the kind thing by giving Lord Archie an opportunity to speak to his father's old servant. So, when Hargreaves was passing something I called His Lordship's attention to him. He didn't notice him in the slightest; simply replied to me and let the old man go on without a word. Then he said that there was a reason for his neglecting to speak to him, and that he would tell me about it after dinner. Of course I didn't know anything about what had happened on his arrival, and couldn't understand in the least what the trouble was. But I found out later." Here the girl paused a moment and looked down. When she resumed her color had risen a little, but she went on quite smoothly.

"You may have noticed," she said, "that Lord Archie and I disappeared for a little while after dinner?"

Mrs. Horton cast an amused glance at her husband.

"We did," she admitted frankly, with a slightly quizzical look. "We thought perhaps——" She broke off suggestively. Nannie nodded.

"I know," she said. "So did I, too. But I never shall again—not about Lord Archibald Gowing, and you mustn't, either."

Mr. and Mrs. Horton's faces underwent an almost comical modification. Mr. Horton uttered an ejaculation of extreme surprise and chagrin. The girl looked at him deprecatingly.

"I'm sorry, Bob," said she. "I knew you and Allie would be awfully disappointed, but I can't help it. It's I who would have had to live with him, you know—not you; and I decided in just one short, sharp instant that it was impossible. Do you know——" she hesitated, and her face took on a look of almost solemn disgust—"he seemed quite common to me when he made his offer. And yet, he was tremendously in earnest, too. Perhaps that was it," she added thoughtfully. "Perhaps when a man is deeply moved—it may sound vain, but I really think he is very much in love with me—his real nature comes to the surface. He got into an awful temper—said I'd encouraged him, and all that. Perhaps I have, but I can't help it now. Do you know, Allie"—she looked impressively at her sister-in-law—"I believe that, in another sphere of life, Lord Archibald Gowing is the sort of man who would beat his wife!"

The gloom on the faces of her listeners was so profound that the girl shrugged her shoulders and shook her pretty head commiseratingly.

"Dear, dear!" she said. "I'm sorry I've been such a naughty girl. But we'll take that up later. Now, to get on with Hargreaves. What His Lordship told me was this: For twenty years Hargreaves had been, as the old man himself affirmed, Lord Annable's faithful servant. The Marquis reposed every confidence in him, and the whole family were sincerely attached to him. Against the old fellow's character Lord Archie hasn't one word to say. But, unfortunately, Hargreaves had a young relative whom the Marquis, out of consideration for Hargreaves, took into his employ, giving

"It's a very queer story, Bob. I don't know what to believe"

him the place of valet to one of his sons. One day this young man was caught in the act of abstracting money from Lord Annable's private desk. The shame and disgrace nearly broke Hargreaves' heart. He felt it so keenly that the Marquis determined to say nothing about the affair, but to retain the young man in his position and give him another chance. Everything went all right then; the fellow seemed to have reformed, but Hargreaves could not recover from the shock and humiliation. His brain began to give signs of weakening; he became at first forgetful, then suspicious of every one and everything, then so watchful of his young relative that he made the lad's life a burden to him, and finally he developed a delusion which became a monomania, and rendered it most embarrassing and awkward to continue him in his position as butler. He began to confuse the identity of Lord Archibald and his nefarious young relative, and ended by dogging the footsteps of Lord Archie, as if he were the thief of whom future depredations might be expected. You can imagine how annoying that must have been. Lord Archie says that it was perfectly dreadful. He couldn't move without feeling that the old fellow was shadowing him, and he said he used almost to choke over his soup at dinner, feeling the butler's eyes so closely watching him."

She stopped a moment for breath. Mrs. Horton took advantage of the pause.

"Perhaps it was really Lord Archibald who stole the money," she remarked. "It may be that Hargreaves knew it all the time, and was too loyal to the family to disclose his knowledge, preferring to let his own relative bear the blame rather than bring scandal on people of such high standing."

"Is it the Chimney-Nook or the Companion of the Hearth that you take, my dear?" inquired her husband. "Your suggestion must be the fruit of diligent research in one or the other. In real life, servants, even of such remarkable calibre as Hargreaves, are human, not godlike. Go on, Nan."

"There isn't much more to tell," said the girl. "Before long this delusion of Hargreaves' became so insupportable that it resolved itself into a question of either his leaving Annable House or Lord Archie's remaining away from home. Lord Annable was obliged to put the matter before him, suggesting that he should set him up in a public-house on the estate or something of that sort. But to this Hargreaves would not listen. He admitted that he was unfit for further service in Lord Annable's family, and declared that a sense of disgrace had so affected his mind as to make continued residence in a neighborhood so associated with the painful incident unbearable. He preferred to leave England, and did so, parting from all the family but Lord Archie with evidences of affection which were sincerely reciprocated. They have never heard from him since, but had hoped that new scenes and fresh surroundings might have wholly restored his brain to its normal balance."

"Which probably was the case until old and distressing memories were revived by Lord Archie's appearance," suggested Mrs. Horton. "What a sad, sad thing! Poor old man! I feel so sorry for him; I do indeed. But it certainly will be most awkward and uncomfortable to have him about the house now that we know he is queer in his head. What shall we do, Robert?"

Her husband did not reply at once. His eyes were on the carpet at his feet, and his face was screwed into that expression which the human countenance takes on when the mind is weighing the various circumstances of a not over-clear proposition. Presently he slowly abandoned the prop which had been supporting him during Nannie's recital. He glanced at the clock upon the mantle and gave a little yawn.

"We will go to bed," he said in a perfectly non-committal tone, that tone which so exasperates the female mind bent upon discovering the attitude of the male intelligence. "It is getting on to half-past one, and I'm dead tired."

Nannie took the broad hint and rose to her feet.

"But, Bob, what do you think of it?" she asked before proceeding on her way.

He came over and took her hand in his, looking her straight in the eyes with an approving smile.

"I think," he said, "that the intuitions of the female mind are something similar to the divinations of an oracle. I think that the price of English consols has fallen." He laughed a little, stooped, and kissed her.

"What are you going to do about it?" asked his wife after the girl had gone. Horton stretched himself with conjugal license.

"I'll see Hargreaves and have a little conversation with him in the morning," said he.

Like most American men, Robert Horton was an early riser. The next morning before his guests were astir he was looking over some correspondence in his own special sanctum, when the footman whom he had dispatched to summon Hargreaves to him made his appearance, looking anxious and apprehensive.

"I'm afraid the butler's ill, sir," said he. "We can't get any answer from his room. He's always down by six, sir. I never knew him to be so late before."

When Mr. Horton applied himself to the door of Hargreaves' room it opened quite easily. It was not locked, but the under servants stood in too great awe and respect of their superior to attempt to enter without his permission. There was no one in it; the bed had not been slept in, but everything was in perfect order. In plain sight on the bureau lay a note addressed to the master of the house. Mr. Horton took it up and opened it. So it ran:

"MR. HORTON:

"*Honoured Sir:* He is my son. He has been my shame all his life. He has forced me out of one service; he now forces me out of another. But he leaves, too, this time. I could not have him marry Miss Nannie. May I ask you to do me the great favour of writing to His Lordship, the Marquis of Annable, Annable House, Surrey, England, what I have discovered, and what will be a most terrible blow to My Lord. His son, Lord Archibald, with whom my son was traveling recently in India in the capacity of valet, is dead, by fair means and from natural causes, I hope and believe, sir. It was an easy matter for a clever scoundrel to bury the gentleman as the servant in those outlandish parts, and assume his master's rank and belongings. His Lordship's solicitors will doubtless inquire into the business, and if there was foul play I hope the guilty may be brought to justice even if he is of my own blood.

"With humblest respects and duty to all the family, sir, I remain, your distressed and ashamed servant,

"TIMOTHY HARGREAVES."

It was a mere formality, that of entering the apartment lately assigned to the occupancy of Lord Archibald Gowing.

His Lordship had probably felt that he was leading a forlorn hope, even while he was narrating his rather cleverly concocted tale to the lady of his affections the previous evening. He could scarcely have hoped that his father would allow him to prosecute his schemes to a successful issue.

"I never liked the fellow," remarked young Danielson to Nannie, as they were pacing back and forth over the terrace in the moonlight that night.

"You didn't?" murmured the girl, with a demure look in her brown eyes. "How odd!" and she continued to hum under her breath the refrain of that song which had dogged her footsteps on the way to the rose garden the night before. Suddenly she broke off, with a sympathetic little sigh. "Poor old Hargreaves!" she said quite tenderly. And again, "Poor old Hargreaves!"

The Value of Poets

By W. J. Lampton

NO STATE or city can possibly have a more valuable person in its midst than a poet. This is no joke.

True, the poet, particularly the apparently unfortunate individual commonly known as "our local poet," is always more or less an object of ridicule to the coarse and the vulgar, but his real worth is rather enhanced than impaired by the ribald jests and the rude and illiterate animadversions of these Philistines. Who is more loyal than the local poet?

Who does for his locality so much good as the poet does?

Who tells in crystal cadences and words of pleasing sound the glories of its air and sky, the riches of its ground? Who swings its censer bowls aloft and fills the ambient air with fragrance of its girls and flowers, and wafts it everywhere? Who sings its beauties through his pen in fact and sentiment, that all the world may learn and love—and never gets a cent?

Who, unless it be the poet? And who ever thinks of paying him for it?

"Oh!" says the local editor. "Oh, yes, we'll be glad to buy a good story of a dog fight, but we never pay for poetry."

But the poet doesn't care whether he gets pay or not.

He is in love with the world—his world as he finds it in the little circle of sunlight that makes a circumference vast enough for his fancy.

Here ripe the finest peaches the sun e'er turned to pink; here bubbles from the presses the nectar gods may drink; here laugh the fairest maidens that ever made men sigh; here grow the biggest pumpkins that ever went to pie.

Thus he carols forth, as free as the song of birds, the glamour and the glory of his home, and hither and yon, in the columns of every newspaper of the nation, are scattered the pictures of his poetic pen making known to all the world the delights of the little land where the poet blossoms as the rose, and music and the muskmelon make merry all the day.

That's what the poet does for his locality, and blessed are they above riches that have poets to wreathe crowns of poesy for them—to set in rhythmic splendors the products of their soil; to crown with golden halos their ordinary toil; to change their worn-out pastures to verdant velvet strand; to make their homely women the loveliest in the land.

This is the poet's work; his glory; his reward.

Poets are the one thing that do not come high in this world of greed and grab, and every locality should have one.

NEW BLOOD IN CONGRESS

TWO of the ablest young men in the country, Albert J. Beveridge, of Indianapolis, Indiana, and John V. Quarles, of Kenosha, Wisconsin, will find in the United States Senate a field particularly adapted to their brilliant talents. They undoubtedly promise to become two of the most interesting personalities in our public life. Both are young men who have risen from poverty to commanding positions in the law, and who have reached the Senate purely through the force of their merits and fitness.

Excepting Senator Butler, of North Carolina, who was only thirty-two when he was elected to the Senate, Senator Beveridge will be the youngest man in that body. He is thirty-six, but already a wonderful sum of success has been crowded into his career. His father was a soldier in the Union Army, and he was born on a farm in the midst of the Civil War. As a boy he was a laborer on the farm, and it was with difficulty that he was able to get through the high school.

SENATOR BEVERIDGE'S REMARKABLE CAREER

After that he had no money at all until a friend advanced him fifty dollars. With this he entered De Pauw University. Here he got his living by managing one of the students' boarding-houses, adding to his resources whatever he could by his work during vacation. By the time he graduated his health had failed and he went West and worked on a ranch, but when his strength came back he returned to Indiana and found an opening with a law firm in Indianapolis.

His progress from the first was rapid, and it was only a few years after he was admitted to practice that his eloquence and ability found wide recognition and he was invited to deliver addresses before some of the most important gatherings of the West. His position now is unquestionable. The Governor of Indiana calls him "a superb gentleman and peerless orator." He is in China and the Philippines qualifying himself for the consideration of the momentous problem which will come before Congress for solution.

SENATOR QUARLES' STRUGGLE AT COLLEGE

Like Mr. Beveridge, Mr. Quarles rose from poverty by the force of grit and ability. He is of New Hampshire stock. His father was a prominent manufacturer in Wisconsin, but one of the panics ruined him financially. Young Quarles went through the public schools, but he had to spend two years at teaching school and other employments to earn enough money to pay his way through college. After that came the usual struggles, followed by prompt success, so that never since the day of the death of the late M. H. Carpenter has any leadership of the bar been so clearly acknowledged as that of Mr. Quarles. He has had little experience in politics, although he was Mayor of Kenosha and President of the Board of Education. He has been connected with nearly all the celebrated cases of recent years in the State, and his eloquence was illustrated not long ago in a trial for perjury, when, after his address ending dramatically with "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor," the prisoner broke down and confessed.

Like Roosevelt, he is a great sportsman, and delights in the fine hunting of the Northwest. He is an omnivorous reader, and his library is said to be one of the finest in Wisconsin. Socially, both Senator Beveridge and Senator Quarles will be distinguished additions to the capital.

SENATOR KEAN A WORKER

New Jersey's new Senator, like his predecessor, will not take much part in the oratory of the Senate, but will be one of its hard workers and effective legislators. Mr. John Kean is a business man. He is not an orator, although he has the advantages of a classical education and can express himself well and to the point. He has known politics from boyhood, and has been regularly sent to the Republican National Convention as a delegate from the Newark district. He has been a member of the State Republican Committee frequently, and has contributed liberally to the Republican organization. He was brought up in a bank, and his family, who are wealthy, have taken a prominent part in the industrial development of New Jersey. Although he will be one of the youngest men in the Senate, Mr. Kean has already served two terms in the House of Representatives.

SENATOR McCOMAS HAS HAD EXPERIENCE

As the successor to Senator Gorman, whose life has been devoted to politics, who began his career as a page in the United States Senate when a boy of twelve years of age, and closed it as a recognized leader of his party on the floor of that body, Maryland has sent one of her ablest men and best speakers, Louis E. McComas. To a large extent Mr. McComas is a self-made man, and is one of the most effective speakers and legislators in the country. For years he represented the most important congressional district of his State, carrying it often by his personal force and popularity, and for seven years he was on the bench of the District of Columbia, having been appointed by President Harrison. He and Major McKinley were neighbors in the House of Representatives. There is no doubt that Mr. McComas will take a prominent part in the proceedings of the Senate.

THE MOST NOTABLE NEW DEMOCRAT

On the Democratic side the most notable addition will be Mr. Clark, the multi-millionaire of Montana. He has accumulated a fortune estimated at seventy-five million dollars, every dollar of which has been taken out of the ground. His interests are as varied as they are extensive. He owns a sugar-beet farm in Southern California, and manufactures his own product to the extent of several thousand tons a day. He has just added a "little patch" of ten thousand acres which are planted in sugar beets for the first time this year.

Mr. Clark owns the finest copper mines in Arizona, and from them he derives an income of $20,000 or $25,000 a month. He has silver mines in four States, gold mines in two, and zinc mines in one. He has an enormous farm in Colorado devoted to fattening steers for the market, and he keeps an average of twenty thousand head of cattle on his range. He has, also, two copper mines in Montana, one of which is the largest and most profitable in the world. He owns an entire town, a railroad, five banks, and four newspapers. He has a fine stock farm for raising thoroughbred horses in Northern California, and is building a two-million-dollar residence in New York.

In addition to these possessions he has business blocks in Helena, Minneapolis, St. Paul, St. Louis, Chicago and New York, and is interested in enterprises in the four quarters of the earth. To all of these he gives more or less personal attention.

Mr. Clark's strongest characteristic is the power of organization. He has arranged his vast and various interests in such a manner that he knows their exact condition each day as clearly as if he were ubiquitous, and gives directions in detail for their management. He is a man of simple and unassuming habits, frugal life and pleasant manner. The last time I saw him he stepped out of an omnibus in front of the Auditorium Hotel in Chicago, and, seeing that the porter was overloaded with luggage, took his own dress-suit case in his hand and carried it into the hotel. Mr. Clark has always been in the habit of waiting upon himself. Frequently while he is visiting his mining-camps he cooks his own meals; never in his life has he employed a valet.

After his election to the Senate he came to Washington with his two daughters. They registered at one of the prominent hotels, were assigned to ordinary rooms, visited the Capitol, the Congressional Library, and inspected two or three residences that were offered for rent, but nobody knew who they were until the afternoon before their departure, when Senator Carter, Mr. Clark's future colleague, found him in the lobby of the hotel and introduced him to some acquaintances.

Mr. Clark is not an orator. He has always taken a deep interest in political affairs, and owning several silver mines naturally approved the Democratic platform. He was a liberal contributor to the support of Mr. Bryan in 1896, and it is expected that he will act with the Democrats on all questions.

Mr. Depew, of New York, can scarcely be called a young Senator, yet he brings new blood and rich experience into public life.

MR. BACON FINDS HIS REWARD

A Democrat from whom much is expected is Augustus O. Bacon, of Georgia, a native of that State, a lawyer by profession, and a frequently defeated candidate for office. It is said of Mr. Bacon that he was never able to secure any position that he wanted, but has been several times elected to offices for which he was not a candidate. His advent to the Senate was accidental. The Legislature of Georgia was in a deadlock when he was accepted as a compromise candidate.

Mr. Bacon is a thorough gentleman, of refined manners, delicate sensibilities, and fine sentiment, and has a deep love for poetry and art. He has a delightful family, and socially occupies a leading position in his State. He has made no effort to push himself into prominence. As he does not agree with the majority of his party on several important questions, he has kept himself in the background, but the Senate has lost so many of its leaders on the Democratic side that Mr. Bacon's ability and experience will require him to take a prominent place.

Another bright young man from the South is Mr. McLaurin, of South Carolina. He has all the qualifications for success from the popular standpoint in his section of the country. He comes from an aristocratic family, he is rich, handsome, highly educated, and a graceful orator. Mr. McLaurin, like Mr. Bacon, is rather out of tune with the conservative element in the South, and has frequently remarked that if he lived north of Mason and Dixon's line he would be a Republican. He believes in expansion, in a protective tariff, and a gold standard. His case is especially interesting in that the Senatorship was submitted to the popular vote.

OWES HIS ELECTION TO WIFE AND DAUGHTER

Mr. Lucius Baker, of Kansas, who succeeds the Populist leader, is said to owe his election to his wife. Mrs. Baker is a progressive woman, and active in political as well as literary and social affairs. In 1892 the Democrats of Leavenworth nominated for the Legislature a man she did not like. She considered him unfit to hold the office, and she persuaded her husband, much against his will, that it was his duty to stand as a candidate. He did so and was elected, and when the Legislature came to choose a United States Senator Mrs. Baker and her daughter, Miss Mary Lucian Baker, a graduate of Vassar, laid the wires that elected the husband and father to the United States Senate.

Like ten more of his colleagues, Mr. Baker is an Ohio man, but he was educated at the University of Michigan. He has never had any aspiration for political office. His highest ambition was to secure a seat upon the Supreme Bench of his State, and when, through the influence of his wife and daughter, he was nominated by the Republican caucus for the Senate, he actually declined.

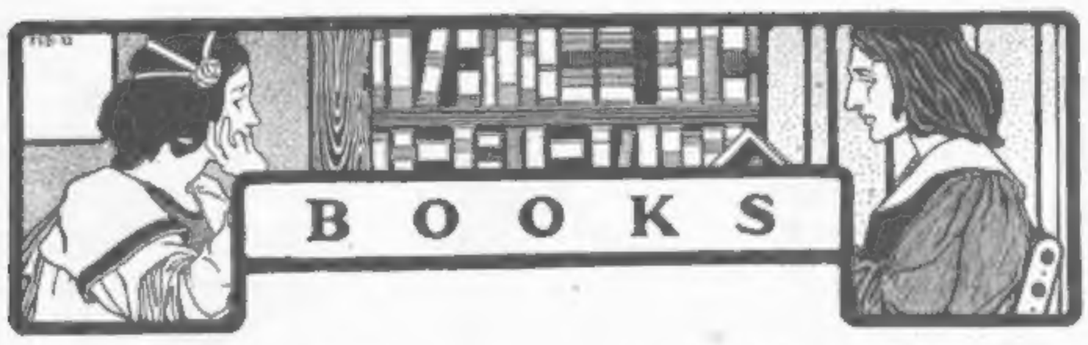
PROMISING YOUNG MEN IN THE HOUSE

The long list of new members (I think there are one hundred and fifty out of a total of three hundred and fifty-six that have never before been seen on the floor of the House) contains few names that are known to the public, and while it may represent much ability and talent, none of the newcomers has yet won distinction in political life. Several of the New York delegation, like Jefferson M. Levy and William Astor Chanler and Jacob Rupert, Jr., have occupied more or less conspicuous positions in local affairs, but they have yet to win their spurs in Congress.

Both Indiana and Iowa have among the "holdovers" young men of unusual talent. Mr. Jesse Overstreet, of Indianapolis, a young lawyer, who is only a little more than thirty years of age; Mr. George W. Faris, of Terre Haute, also a young lawyer, and Mr. Charles B. Landis, the editor of the Delphi Journal, have already won enviable reputations. Mr. Robert G. Cousins and Mr. J. P. Dolliver, of Iowa, are considered the ablest orators in the House. Mr. William Alden Smith, of Grand Rapids, Michigan; Mr. Page Morris, of Duluth, Minnesota; Mr. David A. De Armond, of Missouri; Mr. D. S. Alexander, of Buffalo; Mr. W. H. Moody, of Haverhill, Massachusetts; Mr. Frederick H. Gillett, of Springfield, in the same State; Mr. Charles N. Fowler, of Elizabeth, New Jersey; Mr. Evan E. Settle, of Lexington, Kentucky; Mr. Henry S. Boutell, of Chicago; Mr. E. J. Hill, of Norwalk, Connecticut, and Mr. Charles Curtis, of Topeka, Kansas, a half-breed Cherokee Indian, will take a more active part in legislation than ever, because of the retirement of several veterans.

HARD TO GAIN PROMINENCE IN THE HOUSE

It is always difficult for a young man to obtain prominence in the House of Representatives unless he has exceptional qualifications, because, under the rules at present in use, the work of legislation is limited to a few prominent committees and these committees are composed of the more experienced men. No matter how learned or eloquent a young man may be, his voice cannot be heard upon the floor and his wisdom cannot be felt in the committee-room without the consent of the Speaker and his seniors in service. Therefore it requires force of character and personal popularity to obtain admission to the field, and when that is secured the fortunate one must have the power to maintain himself or he will quickly slip back into oblivion.



A Novelty in Verse

WHEN Walt Whitman gave his Leaves of Grass to a patient and suffering world he could hardly have taken into due consideration the lasting character of bad example. He flung at the public, as the fruits of his genius, a book brimful of every literary sin, of every offense that could well be committed against good taste, good morals and good English; and the public, which is not half so stupid as its teachers would have it believe, recognized, beneath this prodigality of wrong-doing, the broken power of a poet who missed his place among poets because he despised the beauty of words and the nobility of self-restraint.

Unhappily, the evil we do refuses to descend with us to the grave, and while that which was great in Whitman defied all competition or approach, his riotous absurdities could be reproduced with deadly and destructive ease. It dawned upon eager souls that here was a kind of poetry which anybody could write, and the result of this illumination was the printing of much strange nonsense which does not seem to have been intended as a joke.

Mr. Stephen Crane is the latest aspirant in the field, with a volume of weird compositions, recognizable neither as prose nor verse, and mendaciously entitled War is Kind. Like Mr. Tree's Hamlet, these compositions are "funny without being vulgar," and it is not every author who can add to the gayety of the world with such unconscious pleasantry as this:

"Fool, not to know that thy little shoe
Can make men weep!
Some men weep.
I weep and I quash,
And I love the little shoe,
The little, little shoe."

Perhaps, after all, it is vulgar to "quash." Only Mr. Crane, who has done it, knows, and only Mr. Crane can tell us whether the owner of the little shoe made "some men weep" by using it as a weapon of offense, or whether it were the mere shape and style of the shoelet which caused the pain. Apparently it does not take much to distress the author of these mournful poems, for on another page we find him languishing in the presence of a comb, and it is but too evident that the abundant details of a woman's dress must keep the poet in a state of perpetual infelicity:

"Ah, God, the way your little finger moved,
As you thrust a bare arm backward,
And made play with your hair,
And a comb, a silly gilt comb.
Ah, God, that I should suffer
Because of the way a little finger moved."

For debility of mind Mr. Crane is without a poetic peer. He is so easily, so utterly prostrated by modest trifles which wouldn't hurt him for the world, that when he assures us his

"——weak heart sees spectres,"

we surmise that it is but the ghost of a parasol, or a lorgnette, or a frilled petticoat which affrights him. Walt Whitman bore himself more stoutly, and squared his shoulders combatively at life. It is only in what may be called Mr. Crane's cosmic moods that he models himself upon his master's most objectionable flights. It is only when he becomes intimate and confidential with the universe that we know what influence is at work:

"A forgotten sky of bashful blue.
Toward God a mighty hymn.
A song of collisions and cries,
Rambling wheels, hoof-beats, bells,
Welcomes, farewells, love-calls, final moans,
Voices of joy, idiocy, warning, despair,
The unknown appeal of brutes,
The chanting of flowers,
The screams of cut trees,
The senseless babble of hens and wise men—
A cluttered incoherency that says at the stars,
'O God, save us.'"

There is a completeness in this list of substantives which reminds us undeniably of similar lists in Leaves of Grass; and there is the same easy familiarity—how acquired one does not know—with creation and the mysteries thereof. The hand that wrote:

"Hefts of the moving world at innocent
gambols, silently rising, freshly exuding,
Scooting obliquely high and low;"

or these

"Earth! you seem to look for something at my
hands;
Say, old Top-knot, what do you want?"

might have written that matchless passage about the cluttered incoherency of screaming trees and babbling hens. There is the same deliberate misuse of words; the same social tone, as of one much at home in the welkin; the same pleasant colloquialisms to emphasize familiarity. "Lord Brougham," said Sidney Smith, "would speak disrespectfully of the equator." Mr. Crane, taught by Walt Whitman, would patronize the spheres.

—*Agnes Repplier.*

The Poem of the Year*

IT IS not always easy to explain why a poem is popular. The imposing commonplaces of Longfellow's Excelsior carried it into every language. Tom Hood's Song of the Shirt ran through the hearts of men like fire in the stubble. Why? Does the secret lie in their timeliness? In their compelling sense of sincerity? Do all men love these poems because they sum up what all men think and feel? If that be true, then Tom Hood merely voiced the universal pity and Longfellow the universal courage of the race. This, I think, is as near as one can get to the secret of a poem's popularity.

Just now every one is quoting The Man with the Hoe. This poem, which is a sermon rather than a song, has gone straight to the heart of the people.

You remember Millet's picture of the peasant, who stands leaning on his mattock?

"Bowed by the weight of centuries he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
The emptiness of ages in his face,
And on his back the burden of the world.
Who made him dead to rapture and despair,
A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,
Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?
Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw?
Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow?
Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?"

And then read here:

"O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
How will the Future reckon with this Man?
How answer his brute question in that hour
When whirlwinds of rebellion shake the world?"

This is eloquent verse, sincere and strenuous. It has the scholarly directness of William Watson. But what is there behind the eloquence?

Mr. Markham is a socialist who believes in "building up the pillars of the new Fraternal State." That is well. We are all socialists of one kind or another in these days. We can sympathize even with this cultured poet's praise of Louise Michel, the red nun of Anarchy. But this Man with the Hoe? Is it indeed true that

"Down all the stretch of hell to its last gulf
There is no shape more terrible than his"?

Surely this is mere rhetoric; once we were all slaves of the soil; out of the universal peasant came the modern, diversified man. The clearest thinkers to-day are those who believe that the hope for the future lies in getting back to the fields—that the great city, with its artificial needs and conditions, is the mother of all cruelty and injustice among men. The Man with the Hoe is not the modern type of human wretchedness. It is in the cities, not the fields and meadows, that you must look for those who are indeed disinherited of happiness. In a word, Mr. Markham's peasant is largely a sentimental creation. He is the peasant of fiction. He was created by the French painters of thirty years ago—by French poets and novelists. In this country he has never existed and does not exist to-day. Where is the American peasant—he with "slanted brows" and "brutal jaw"; he with "Time's tragedy in the aching stoop" of his back; he, "the monstrous thing"? You will not find him on the Eastern farm, nor on the wide, machine-cropped prairies of the West. There is a higher average of intelligence in the country than in the cities. They read, vote, argue—these Men with the Hoe. It is they who keep sweet and sane and strong the life of the State.

Mr. Markham's picture of the peasant, then, is purely sentimental. It is a page from Zola's La Terre. There is this much truth in it—always men suffer, and life is at once too cruel and too sad. That this old truth is misapplied does not weaken its force.

Why should it not be popular, this poem?

It is a splendid protest against man's inhumanity to man. It proclaims a revolt against injustice, cruelty, and the hard, unequal conditions of life. And that revolt—is there not an echo of it in your heart and mine?

—*Vance Thompson.*

* The Man with the Hoe, and Other Poems, by Edwin Markham. *Doubleday & McClure.*

NEWS FROM BOOKLAND

Bottling Newspaper Atmospheres.—Speaking of his newspaper stories, which have been so pleasantly received in book form, Jesse Lynch Williams said the other day: "It's a matter of atmosphere. When I began work on the New York Sun several years ago it was to get some practice in writing—practical writing, writing for publication. I intended to go back to Princeton and take a post-graduate course and write my Princeton stories. I got the experience and also the atmosphere. Take the first of the newspaper yarns, for instance.

"There are men on the Sun staff who could have written better newspaper stories than that, but they had been so long in the business that they had lost the atmosphere of novelty that I lived in. Everything was new to me, and I thought it ought to be interesting to the public, but if I had stayed on the paper for several years I probably never should have written it."

Grant Allen as a Scientist.—The American admirers of Grant Allen were probably surprised to see a book upon natural history come out over his name. Mr. Allen started out as a scientist. That is his profession. His first books dealt wholly with science. He found, however, that the English public declined to accept his work seriously, so he utilized his experiences in strange lands, in hunting for bugs and butterflies, in thrilling stories of adventure which won for him instant popularity. Now he is so well established that he can do as he pleases, and we may expect a series of scientific books, learned to a degree and largely polysyllabic.

A New Writer of Short Stories.—Mrs. Edith Wharton is the author of a new book entitled The Greater Inclination, which is just now attracting considerable notice. Although she has been recognized as a growing writer of clever short stories, but little is known concerning her personality by the general public. Before her marriage to Mr. Edward R. Wharton she was Miss Edith Jones, a member of one of the leading families in the Eastern part of the country. Her husband was a well-known figure in Philadelphia. Mrs. Wharton divides her time pretty evenly between Newport and New York City, and while she figures at times in society, yet she never allows social duties to encroach upon her literary work.

Borrow's Lost Letters.—Those who are interested in literature will be glad to know that among the papers of the British Bible Society somebody has discovered a batch of letters from the pen of George Borrow. A number of these, written from Spain, were made use of by Borrow in The Bible in Spain, but others sent by him from Russia are not at all familiar. They consist of Borrow's reports to the British Bible Society, for which body he had gone to Russia in order to prepare the Manchu translation of the New Testament. It is a little curious that this discovery of letters, long lost sight of, should be made during the very month when appears the first adequate biography of Borrow, which has been long awaited.

A Bishop's Marginal Notes.—Bishop Satterlee, formerly of New York, now of Washington, has added his quota to the current discussion of theological questions. In spite of his many professional and social duties he finds abundance of leisure time to write. His revisions, however, are the bane of the mechanical department of his publishers. He practically rewrites his manuscript on the margins of his first proofs. He makes nearly as many changes in his revised set, and frequently makes alterations in the page proofs.

How Mrs. Harrison Works.—Mrs. Burton Harrison is now taking her annual vacation in Europe. The summer months Mrs. Harrison always devotes to recreation. Sometimes she goes to Europe, sometimes to Newport, and again to her beautiful red cottage on the cliffs at Bar Harbor. During her vacation she religiously refrains from writing. Even letter reading is barred as far as possible, for during her working months her daily mail is appallingly large.

Mrs. Harrison lives in New York most of the year. Her study is a large room on the second floor, and her desk, a white and gold contrivance both ornamental and practical, is surrounded by her large library. She devotes her mornings to her mail, to writing, and keeping business engagements.

One Way to Succeed.—After a writing man has made his first hit it is not hard for him to secure orders. This is exemplified in the case of Frederic Palmer, who as a newspaper reporter spent last winter up the Yukon and described his adventures for his journal.

They made so favorable an impression that he was encouraged to write a book upon the subject, and now he has been commissioned to go to Manila. Mr. Palmer is a tall, yellow-bearded Norseman, who does difficult things with apparent ease. It is not likely that he will ever return to journalism as a profession.

Haggard as a Farmer.—Rider Haggard's popularity in England is increasing with years. His latest novel, Swallow, has been received with almost as much enthusiasm as was She and King Solomon's Mines.

Mr. Haggard is living the comfortable life of a country gentleman on a handsome estate at Ditchingham, near Norfolk. He farms his place according to the most approved methods, which he is interestingly describing in a series of papers called The Farmers' Year Book, appearing in an English magazine. From She to What I Know About Farming shows versatility, if nothing else.

Mr. Haggard has not been in Africa for several years, but his long residence in the Cape Colony has given him endless material to draw from. The author-farmer is less than forty years old, active, alert, and keenly alive to the sports which a country home in England affords. He is a hard reader, a good shot, and can cast a fly with the best of them. It is said that he makes his farm come near paying expenses. Probably this is true if the payment for his Year Book is included.

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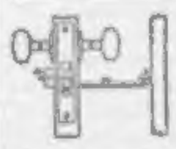

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"People I Admire in Society"

THE WOMAN WHO WAS CULTURED

By G. S. STREET

IT WAS the opinion of Sir Austin Feverel that woman will be the last thing civilized by man, and it is quite clear that he had met no woman at all comparable to my friend, Mrs. Barmer. It is to be presumed that he regarded his intellectual friend, Lady Blandish, as an exception, but Mrs. Barmer would have been enough to change his opinion of the whole sex.

She is a woman of many individually pleasing qualities, but so astonishing are her supreme excellences that one hardly thinks of her as a concrete person at all; one thinks of her as an almost superhuman embodiment of culture, toleration and reasonableness.

I believe myself, in all humility, to be as well educated as the general run of my neighbors, and, in a casual way, I read a good many books, but I find it altogether impossible to keep up with Mrs. Barmer. She is as quick to note, and, as it were, to adopt a new genius as her sisters are a new fashion. I have never talked to her but she has quoted some author unknown to me.

As a younger and more conceited man, I sometimes pretended to recognize him, but cross-examination followed, and now I always confess my ignorance, and she proceeds to instruct me, calmly and—everything considered—with very little insistence of my inferiority in knowledge.

There is a certain newspaper which discovers new geniuses with great rapidity, thereby relieving, in an intellectual way, the monotony of English breakfasts. For Mrs. Barmer's sake, that she may not find me altogether too unresponsive, I read this paper attentively, and on days when I am going to see her I copy the new names, with brief notes, on my shirt cuff, and consult it furtively while she talks. But I *am too far from my* schooldays to do it neatly; I am nervous, and lose the thread of the conversation.

I sometimes think, by the way, that she *herself writes the criticisms* in question, for I always find, in a subsequent re-reading, that she agrees with the clever newspaper.

She is always in advance of the current mode of culture. In the old Ibsen days she had already discovered *Bjornson*, and lately, when everybody was talking about Omar, she was deep in Hafiz. This impresses even her cultivated friends, but I am afraid it also irritates them by quenching their new-lit lights.

You must not suppose, however, that Mrs. Barmer obtrudes her culture. She is good-natured enough to instruct an ignoramus like myself *ex cathedra*, knowing that I am grateful, but she condescends to other people's grosser tastes; knowing that her husband is apt to be irritated by detailed knowledge he does not share, when he is present she confines herself to general theories, as, for example, the true meaning of Greek tragedy, on which she discoursed to us the other night.

I have been taught a little Greek in my time, and Mrs. Barmer does not read it in the original, but, as she says, it is far more important to grasp the inner spirit of it than merely to know the language.

All this higher education has not been "crammed"; it is the result of profound study and artistic divination. I know the fact for certain, for one day, while waiting for Mrs. Barmer in the drawing-room, I found on the bottom shelf of a bookcase in an obscure corner a row of little books called Condensed Culture for the Million. Greek literature was knocked off in a volume of a hundred pages or so, the Elizabethan dramatists in another, and so forth.

Mrs. Barmer came in while I was looking at them, and explained, rather eagerly, that the little books were a mistaken present to her boy, a child of ten, and that she had hidden them out of his way, though not, she added rather severely, out of the way of my curiosity, and she went on to censure such cheap avenues to pretended knowledge.

I cordially agreed with the censure, but I am left in wonder how she can possibly find time for her prodigious studies.

I pass from them to qualities which, even more than mental cultivation, prove her a perfect flower of civilization, and a triumphant refutation of the misogynist, Sir Austin. She is absolutely logical and reasonable. Her husband is not, and it is beautiful to observe her patience during some choleric argument of his, and the gentle placidity with which she points out his inconsistencies.

But I think her greatest triumph in enlightenment is her toleration. She takes for her guidance the French maxim that to know all is to pardon all, and she points out that, as we never can know all, we never should condemn a fellow-creature. She is eloquent in her demonstration of the cruelty shown to so-called sinners in excluding them from the society of the virtuous, and I am convinced that, given an opportunity, Mrs. Barmer would brave the world on their behalf.

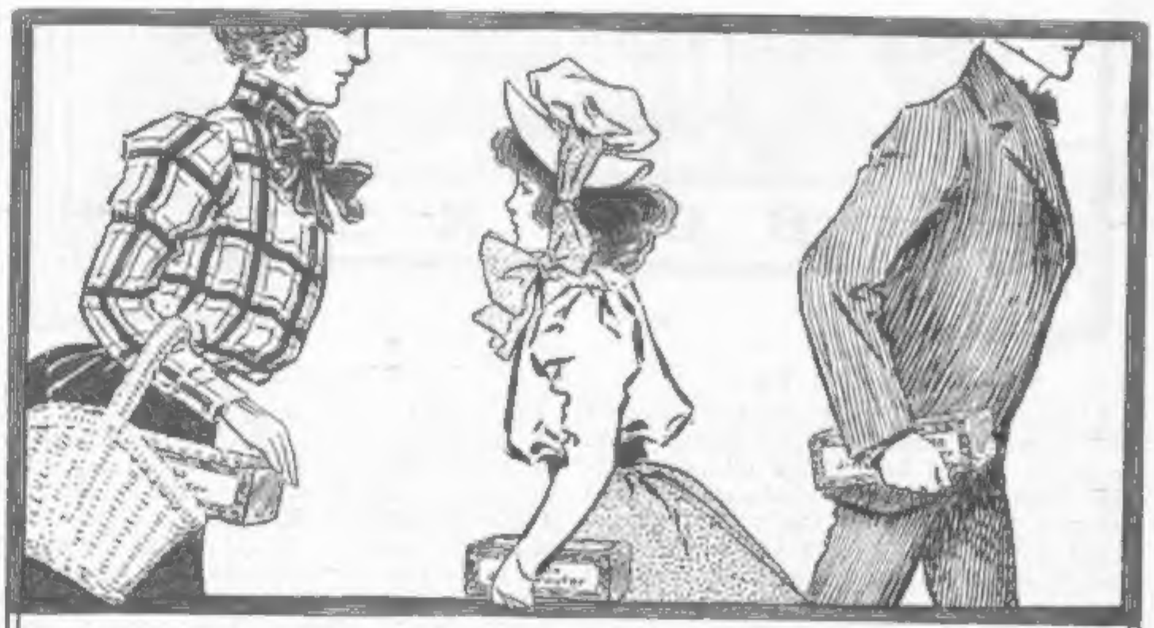
Unfortunately, no such opportunity has happened. Two women of her acquaintance have figured of late years in the divorce court, but in both these instances Mrs. Barmer was compelled to condemn—not the publicly alleged offense, which she nobly said it was not for her to judge—but a certain vulgarity she had noticed in those unhappy people. Consequently, she had to act like the rest of the world, though from very different reasons, and drop them.

It was most unfortunate, and she is very anxious to show how bravely she is prepared to fight the world and the cruelty of its conventions. But that is not necessary for her reputation; we know already that Mrs. Barmer is one of the most cultivated and advanced women in the country.

POE'S ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT

A NARROW, yellow strip of paper wound round a roll of pasteboard was shown to a visitor in the inner office of Charles Scribner's Sons, of New York, the other day, by Mr. Morse, the literary expert of the house. One would think that where manuscripts are handled as a dry goods merchant handles calicoes this piece of copy would not receive special care. But it did. Mr. Morse took it out of its wrappings reverently, unrolled it solicitously, and pointed out the clear, painstaking writing, as legible as type and undefaced by a single erasure, proudly, as a conscientious verger shows the tombs of illustrious crusaders to inquisitive tourists in Continental cathedrals. It was the original manuscript of Edgar Allan Poe's The System of Doctor Tarr and Professor Fether, which was one of the most famous of his Stories of Illusions.

Then turning to his shelves, Mr. Morse took down the book containing the stories, and we compared the copy with the print. It was unchanged, even to the most unimportant comma. Poe had pasted the sheets of paper together and sent them to his publisher on the roll, and the Scribners borrowed the manuscript from its owner to illustrate the second volume of Donald G. Mitchell's American Lands and Letters, which appears this year. Among other interesting subjects for illustration is a miniature painting on ivory of Nathaniel Hawthorne's father, lent by Julian Hawthorne.



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